

A HANDBOOK

TO THE

BRITISH PORTRAIT GALLERY

IN THE

Art Treasures Exhibition.

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OF all portions of the Exhibition this is the one which most requires the aid of a *catalogue raisonné*. These portraits, for those who know the great points of the lives of their originals, have a great interest; for those who do not, they have little or none. It is impossible within the narrow limits which, in a series of newspaper notices, must be assigned to each part of the Exhibition, to do more than take the most cursory survey of this large gallery. It is, therefore, to be especially regretted that the promised official guide or handbook to the Portrait Gallery is not yet published. We cannot pretend to supply its place in the flying comment on these pictures, which is all we have room for. But we would most respectfully press on the committee, and on Mr. Cunningham, that so long as the promised handbook to the Portrait Gallery is delayed, a public want is left unsatisfied. This is the more necessary because, so far as we can judge from these pictures, no very definite principle has guided the selection of them. We do not, throughout the series, find grouped under the portrait of the sovereign, the representations of the real notables of the time—the men who set their stamp on the reign by statesmanship, arts, arms, or letters. This has, it is true, been done in an imperfect degree for the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and her successors; and, no doubt, it was easier to do it for them than the sovereigns who preceded Elizabeth. What there is earlier than Elizabeth is not only fragmentary, with reference to its illustrative value, but is also hung on the walls,

and numbered in the catalogue, without chronological sequence. This throws two additional obstacles in the student's way. We are not aware of the difficulties which have impeded Mr. Cunningham in the collection of his materials. Judging by the collection itself, we should infer that from some houses he has been altogether excluded; from others permitted to take sparingly; while in others, again, he has been allowed *carte blanche*, and would seem almost to have stripped the walls. Cashiobury, Hatfield, and Petworth—three of the houses which contain the most valuable treasures of historical art in England—contribute nothing. There are here only three pictures from the unrivalled collection at the Grove—the remains of the gallery of English worthies formed by the great Lord Clarendon—and which still numbers no less than 25 or 26 Vandycks, besides Honthorsts, Jansens, and Lelys, even after all it has suffered by Lord Cornbury's forced sales to pay his debts—in the contracting of which, and breaking his promises to pay, he had what Burnet calls "a particular art,"—and by the dispersion of the collection, which followed on the death of the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q."), by which so many were transferred to Bothwell Castle. But *en revanche*, the Duke of Portland has given Mr. Cunningham the fullest liberty at Welbeck, and the vast historical collections of that huge house have been rummaged—not the reception rooms, or bedrooms, or corridors only, but the attics, and still-rooms, and grooms' and coachmen's lodgings over stables—and some of the most interesting transferred to these walls. Besides this unexampled liberality in putting the Welbeck pictures at the service of the committee, the duke has sent here his unrivalled collection of miniatures, which may be seen in the gallery to the left of the orchestra, and which will repay the closest examination. We cannot help thinking it a pity that Mr. Cunningham, in making this collection, should have allowed considerations of art to interfere with those of history. He should not, according to our view of the matter, have hung even a Vandyck if the original had not some historical importance; still less should he have hung inferior pictures of unknown people by unknown painters, as the "Sir John and Lady Langham" (161 and 162), from Lord Stamford's collection.

There is no country in the world so rich in historical portraits as England, except Italy. But there is this difference between the countries,—the Italian portraits are confined to the galleries in the palaces of great families, and have, many of them, been transferred to collections of pictures all over the world, to aid the needs of their impoverished proprietors. In England, on the other hand, our counties are filled with old families and ancestral houses, many of them dating back to the Tudors, and earlier still; and every one of these old houses is filled with old pictures, some as early as Henry VI.; but abounding especially from the reign of Elizabeth downward, and becoming still more overpowering in amount when we get to the times of Charles II., Anne, and the earlier Georges. For, during the first half of last century, there seems to have been a race of travelling portrait painters, workmen of very fair skill, trained as assistants in the ateliers of Kneller and his Dutch contemporaries, whose practice it was to go from country house to country house transferring to canvas the faces and figures of two generations—the setting and the rising—sometimes in huge family groups, oftener in separate pictures. The means of historical illustration by portraiture in England may be called almost inexhaustible; and rich as this historical portrait gallery is, there is no part of the Manchester Exhibition which gives a more inadequate notion of the real value and bulk of the art treasures of the country. This, however, is a way of expressing the wealth of England, and not the poverty of our gallery, which includes far more than we can hope to indicate to our readers in the space at our command, and far more than most visitors of the Exhibition will ever contrive to see. There is nothing earlier than Richard II., and it would be difficult, except in the shape of monumental effigies, paintings on glass, or illuminations in manuscript, to find any genuine portraiture of an earlier date. From one or the other of these sources, are derived the traditional portraits of our earlier kings, familiar to us all in the shape of those circular illustrations in the school histories of England. The Richard II. here (15), from Westminster Abbey, though Walpole may choose to describe the picture as preserving the person of the king “in the most lively manner,” has been reduced by the repaintings of generations to a state in which nothing but

the contour of the original can be said to survive. It exhibits those regular and handsome but weak and insipid features, of which we see the germs, really well-conveyed, in the curious Wilton picture (42, Saloon A). If the gallery could have been complete, we should have had the portrait of Chaucer here. The only contemporary likenesses of the poet, however, are two, one by Occleve himself, in a manuscript in the British Museum, and the other, probably also contemporary, not by Occleve, but in a copy of Occleve's poems in the same collection. The greatest figure of Richard's reign, after Chaucer, is Wicklif—the father of protestantism, the opponent of priestcraft and papal tyranny, and the true precursor of Luther. Here he is (4), the plain Yorkshire scholar of Queen's and Merton, who stood against friars and pardons, more than 150 years before Luther nailed his articles on the church door of Wittemberg,—the sturdy controversialist, who was borne down neither by the Anglican episcopacy, when it cited him to answer charges of heresy, in St. Paul's, in 1377, nor by the four papal bulls launched against him in the same year,—the parish priest who, in his quiet parsonage at Lutterworth, held up to scorn the pretensions of the rival successors of St. Peter by his "Schism of the Popes" in 1381,—the scholar who made the first complete translation of the Bible into "the vulgar tongue,"—the reformer who, by the establishment of his order of "Poure Priestes," spread through the land a body of faithful preachers and teachers, preaching the word unbeneficed, in their grey gowns girt about them, a staff in their hands—such men as Chaucer has described in his admirable picture of the "poure persone;"—

He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught.

In this very garb Wicklif is here painted,—whether by a contemporary hand may be doubtful—staff in hand, with a mild but firm face, and a venerable white beard. What was it to

him that Oxford condemned his opinions, deprived him of his divinity professorship, and banished him the university? He had his work to do and his word to speak. He wrought the one, and wrote and spoke the other, fearlessly and faithfully, and died in 1384 in his parish of Lutterworth, at the age of sixty-four. Forty years later the Council of Constance condemned his doctrines, and ordered his bones to be dug up and burnt. It was done, and the ashes flung into the Swift, a little brook that runs by the foot of the hill on which Lutterworth stands, and "thus," says quaint Thomas Fuller, "this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And so the ashes of Wickliff are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

Here hangs the shrewd, sad, stern face of Henry IV. (1), "an undoubted original"—from the gallery of the Earl of Essex—the king whose best historian is Shakspeare, in whose reign parliament rose to importance under the influence of the sovereign's pecuniary embarrassments and defective title, which compelled him to reign by the aid of the Commons. Henry V. is absent; but here are his two luckless successors, Henry VI. (23) and Edward IV. (5), the Kings of the Roses; the first in two heads, equally marked by that weak irresolute expression which is reflected in his unhappy life and death; the second handsome and voluptuous, hanging here, as he did in life, by the side of one of his mistresses, Jane Shore, not represented, however, as the unhappy heroine of the old ballad and Rowe's Tragedy should have appeared, with wan face, and white penitential robe, and the candle of expiation in her hand, or sinking for lack of bread in Shoreditch, but naked, save for the circlet of jewels round her neck. This portrait is sent by Eton College, of which foundation she was an early patroness. This face has no beauty, certainly, nor indeed any of the three expressions we might choose for it from the King's description of his three mistresses,—“One the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the third the holiest, for she is always 'in a church but when he sends for her.” The popular myth of Jane Shore's death, under the cruel penance imposed on her by crook-backed Gloucester, is without foundation. She lived many years after, and was seen by Sir Thomas More, in the reign

of Henry VIII. in extreme old age,—poor, decrepit, shrivelled, and with no trace of the beauty that had won the love of the voluptuous Edward. Here, too, hangs one of the many portraits of Richard III. (7), sent by James Gibson Craig, Esq.; how proved authentic we know not, but looking as crafty and as cruel as we could desire the bloody king to look. Whether Shakspeare was right in his conception of the crook-back, or Walpole in his re-instatement of him as a wise, politic, and rather ill-used monarch, is a “historic doubt” not yet solved. This portrait has the characteristic action of drawing off and on the ring, ascribed to this king in all the extant portraits of him. Beside him hangs the pale ascetic face (8) of the virtuous Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, the foundress of God’s House, afterwards Christ’s College, and of St. John’s College, both at Cambridge. She was a type of all the feminine virtues of her time, distinguished alike, as Fisher, bishop of Rochester, said of her in her funeral sermon, “for nobility of person, discipline of her body, ordering her soul to God, and, fourthly, in hospitality and charity.” She had thirty kings and queens within the four degrees of marriage to her, besides dukes, marquises, earls, and other princes. Her father was John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and her mother, Margaret Beauchamp. Thus, as Fuller says in his punning way, “*fair fort* and *fair field* met in this lady, who was fair body and fair soul, being the exactest pattern of the best devotion those days afforded; taxed for no personal faults, but the errors of the age she lived in.” She died June 29, 1509, not surviving to witness the completion of St. John’s College, from whose library this portrait comes. She saw, however, both her son and grandson on the throne. Of the former there is no portrait here. Of the latter there is one of the Holbein portraits (48) from the Duke of Manchester, a duplicate of the Warwick picture which hangs in the gallery of old masters. It is a pity that the personages of Henry’s reign have not been hung together. We should have liked to see the lustful king surrounded by his six ill-fated wives—of whom here are only “Anne Boleyn” (10, 11), “Katherine Parr” (16), “Jane Seymour” (50)—and “Anne of Cleves” (the last in miniature, in frame 17), and accompanied by his creatures and his victims,

or the large array of those who began by being the former to end as the latter. Why, for example, is Charles Brandon (14), the luxurious, accomplished, and unscrupulous husband of Mary (14), the wicked widow of Louis of France, so far from the master he served but too well? Charles Brandon was one of the most graceful gentlemen and most skilful jousts in the pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a leading member of the odious commission established to raise money for the royal needs, without resort to parliament—one of the most active and heartless of the persecutors of Queen Catherine—the messenger of death to Anne Boleyn, of separation to Anne of Cleves, of disgrace to Wolsey. He commanded the ill-starred invasion to France, and sat in Smithfield to see Friar Forest slowly burned, in the fire which consumed the wonder-working crucifix of David Darvel Gatheren; and, finally, he was the dexterous conductor of the intrigues which dissolved the rebellion of the north. That the accomplice in so many of the crimes of his royal master should have died quietly in his bed in 1545, two years before the king, shows a dexterity or a good fortune equally rare in those bloody days.

Here, too, by the side of luckless Anne Boleyn, hangs her eldest sister Mary (12), with whom also the King was accused of having intrigued, apparently not without considerable reason. She is not less fair than her sister, whom she nearly resembles, though fuller in face and fleshier in figure. Those who are inclined to feel with Mr. Froude, the last historian of the reign of Henry VIII. who has proposed to himself the Herculean task of cleansing the memory of that sovereign from the foul stain of lust and blood with which it is so deeply encrusted, may try to discover in this fair face of Anne Boleyn the sensuality and deceitfulness which Mr. Froude finds in it. We confess we see nothing of the kind, but rather the most engaging feminine sweetness and softness. At the same time it is evident that poor Anne was no heroine, but a weak girl, who succumbed to the mixed influence of terror and vanity, though she must have known the ruthless nature of the man into whose hands she was putting her fair and slender neck, and might have anticipated her own dark and dismal future from the fate of the poor queen whom she supplanted.

There is here no portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the papist party in the reign of Henry, who, though he never forfeited his faith for royal favour, seems, in all else, to have been the willing instrument of the King's worst purposes, and inferior in every respect to his noble and accomplished son, Henry Howard,—the friend of the King's youth—the poet-lover of the fair Geraldine, whose image the great wizard, Cornelius Agrippa, showed to the enamoured youth in a magic mirror, at the court of the Emperor—the gallant tilter in the lists, at the jousts given in honour of the King's marriage with Anne of Cleves, in 1540—the wild feaster on flesh in Lent—the night brawler and window breaker, committed to the Fleet in 1543—a volunteer under his father in 1544, in the army that invaded France and took Boulogne—governor afterwards of that fortress for England—arrested in 1548, by the influence of Hertford, on the same day as his father—sent with him to the Tower, on a frivolous charge of having quartered the King's arms in his armorial bearings—found guilty and beheaded in his thirtieth year, in 1547, on Tower Hill, that scene of death, which so seldom went a week all through Henry's reign, without its block being baptised with blood. Altogether, Surrey is one of the most interesting figures of that singular time, by his various accomplishments in arts and arms, and by his premature and unhappy fate. Walpole believed this fine portrait of him (17) to be by Holbein, and we know not to what other hand it can reasonably be attributed.

The visitor should pause before the portrait of Sir John More (51), one of the justices of the Queen's Bench, in the reign of Henry VII., and father of the more illustrious chancellor. Sir John lived to the age of 90, dying in 1533, only two years before his son, who, when he passed as lord high chancellor of England through Westminster Hall to the Chancery, failed not on his knees to ask his old father's blessing, as he sat in his court. There is no portrait of the chancellor here,—a grievous want, considering the place he fills in the reign of Henry VIII.

William Warham (66) and Wolsey (49) should have hung side by side, instead of being separated by a whole range of Elizabethan portraits. Such historic "dislocation" materially impairs the

interest and instructional value of this gallery. This Wolsey (49) is described in the catalogue as "the earliest contemporary portrait of the founder of any college." But what are we to say to the portrait of the Lady Margaret (8), who surely founded Christ's and St. John's, before 1525, when Wolsey founded Cardinal College? Wolsey's is a wretched portrait now, whatever it may have been before it was ruined by repainting, and represents the cardinal in profile, as he would always be painted, to conceal his blind eye.

Archbishop Warham's portrait (from Lambeth) purports to be a work of Holbein's, and is an inferior repetition of the head in the Louvre. The face has a good deal of the patient shrewdness one might look for in this sagacious opponent of Wolsey's, "the prime advocate," as Fuller calls him, "for Queen Catherine, who carried it so cautiously, that he neither betrayed the cause of his client nor incurred the King's displeasure." He long foiled and eventually survived Wolsey, and was archbishop twenty-eight years, dying in 1533.

In frame 17, in the transept gallery, is the very miniature of Anne of Cleves which Holbein painted at her father's court, and which was despatched by Cromwell to the King in the same ivory box in which it is still enclosed. This picture precipitated, if it did not cause, Cromwell's downfall. The King decided to contract the marriage on the faith of this portrait; but was so disgusted with the original on her arrival, that he broke out in full council at Greenwich, abusing Cromwell for bringing him a "great Flanders mare," coarse, clumsy, and "unfit to nourish love." This was in January, 1540, and in June of the same year Cromwell was attainted of high treason, without being heard in his defence, and beheaded on Tower Hill. There should have been a portrait of him in this gallery.

The portrait by Holbein of Sir Henry Guildford (52), the accomplished master of the horse to Henry VIII., is a noble work of the master.

Here (53) is the portrait of Lady Grey (Margaret Wooton), wife to Sir Thomas Grey, and grandmother, by the father's side, to Lady Jane Grey. Lady Jane Grey's maternal grandmother was the Princess Mary, daughter to Henry VII., the wife, first of

Louis XII. of France, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, whose portrait (14) we have already referred to. We would willingly have spared the paternal grandmother, at all events, to have had a portrait of sweet, ill-starred Lady Jane herself. But why four portraits of Edward VI. (54, 55, 55A, and 56), besides that by Gwillim Street, in the Gallery of Old Masters? The Holbein (54) would surely have been record enough of this gentle boy-king—especially as his reign is otherwise unrepresented. We have neither the ambitious protector Somerset, nor the crafty Northumberland, nor Cranmer, nor Latimer, nor Bonner, nor Gardiner, nor Ridley.

The reign of Philip and Mary is illustrated only by the curious small full-lengths of the Queen and her consort (58), representing two very ugly and ill-proportioned people. Could not a single portrait of a protestant martyr have been found? One, at least, of Sir Antonio More's pictures should have been hung here, to represent the art of Mary's reign. The half-length of the bloody Queen, by De Heere (59), is characteristic. To us, that face of Mary's seems full of sadness and perplexity, as of a woman striving at once to satisfy and stifle conscience.

If, however, the reign of Mary be sparingly illustrated, that of Elizabeth is even profusely represented. All the painters who worked at her court—Zuccherro, Ketel, De Heere, Marc Gerhard, Hilliard, and the elder Oliver, may be studied here; the first, in the curious portrait of the Virgin Queen, standing on the map of England (18), with her noblest favourite, the ill-starred Essex (19), at her side. Another picture, still more odd in respect of costume, represents the Queen in a kind of Persian dress, standing in a forest, the trees of which are inscribed with verses and mottoes, the import and application of which it is not easy to discover. Queen Elizabeth was very vain, and loved to be painted, though she would trust her face to none but "special cunninge painters," and forbade all persons, by royal proclamation (the original draft of which is extant in Cecil's own hand-writing), to attempt the royal physiognomy, until some special person that shall be by her allowed shall have first finished a portraiture thereof. This was in 1563, when she was only 32, and still handsome enough, one would have thought, to have rendered such precautions unnecessary.

We may refer one of these portraits of her by Zuccherò (18) to about the date of this proclamation. Both have, however, suffered so much, that it is difficult to say anything in their praise, as pictures, now, whatever they may have been once. Zuccherò was an accomplished painter, and may be judged by a better specimen than any of these grotesque likenesses of Elizabeth, his portrait of Don Carlos, when young (226), in the Gallery of Old Masters. Nothing can be more unbecoming than the dress of both these portraits of the Virgin Queen. She was one of the most coquetish of women, though her taste in dress, judging by the specimens here, does not seem to have been equal to her love of it. The "Book of the Queen's Wardrobe" is still extant. Exclusively of coronation, mourning, and parliament robes, and of the Garter robes, 99 in all, it enumerates "French gowns, 102; round ditto, 67; loose ditto, 100: kirtles, 126; fore-parts, 136; petticoats, 125; cloaks, 96; safeguards (query, crinolines), 13; jupes, 43; doublets, 85; lap-mantles, 18; fans, 27; pantoufles, 9." But to estimate properly the incredible ungracefulness of the female Elizabethan fashions, we must go to Marc Gerhard's picture of the Queen on her progress to Hunsdon House (64). This picture is of great interest for its likenesses as well as its costume. Henry Carey, created Viscount Hunsdon on the Queen's accession, was Elizabeth's cousin, the son of Mary, sister of Anne Boleyn. The Queen bestowed upon him Hunsdon House, built by King Henry VIII. as a nursery for the royal children; with £4,000 a-year in land. He was "a valiant man," says Fuller, "and lover of men of their hands—very cholerick, but not malicious"—a rough, tearing, swearing, honest soldier, "who might have been with the Queen whatsoever he would, but would be no more than what he was." He suppressed the first northern rebellion in 1569. He had served the Queen faithfully from boyhood, and she loved and trusted him, addressing him in a letter, under her own hand, as "my Harry."

Robert Dudley, the first and most unworthy of her favourites, is represented in this picture walking near the royal litter; Lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state; Lord Burleigh the white staff as lord treasurer. The character of the cold and cruel Dudley is more clearly written in the portrait (69), which seems

to us to have a better claim to be called a Zuccherò, than most of the pictures here which go under that name. The face wears even a low brutal expression, in spite of the regularity of the features. This might be the murderer of poor Amy Robsart (to the real facts of whose history Sir Walter Scott has added no circumstance of cruelty), and the deceiver of the scarcely less unhappy Lady Douglas Howard, wife of Lord Sheffield. That lord died suddenly of the mysterious disease then well known as "Leicester's rheum," because it was wont to fall strangely and suddenly on the favourite's enemies. Tired of Lady Sheffield, and anxious to clear his way to marriage with Lettice, countess of Essex—whose husband also died of "Leicester's rheum"—Dudley administered a slow poison to the unhappy Lady Douglas, whom he had wedded by the rites of the church at Esher; but who, to save her life, was compelled to renounce her wedded rights, and to marry again during Dudley's lifetime. Leicester was hypocrite, too, as well as seducer and poisoner. Amy Robsart was cold in her grave, and Lady Douglas was pining at Offington, in Sussex; when, in 1575, Dudley received the Queen at Kenilworth, with the magnificent hospitality recorded in Scott's novel. He lived to be supplanted in the Queen's affections by his own step-son, the Earl of Essex (19),—a worthier favourite than himself—and died suddenly at Cornbury, in 1588, not without suspicion of poison, accidentally administered by his own hand, but prepared by some of his enemies. A more detestable character does not figure in English history.

We seek in vain, in Ketel's portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton (20), for any indication of the grace which made the Queen single out the briefless young barrister in a court mask "for his stately dancing"—though the picture shows the "proper person" for which he was famous, and the face bears the stamp of those great abilities which enabled him to discharge the duties of chancellor without knowledge of the law, in spite of the sullen serjeants who refused, at first, to plead before him.

Here hangs Zuccherò's Raleigh (27), with the map of Cadiz at the back of the picture, in allusion to Sir Walter's services, which mainly secured the destruction of the Spanish fleet in that harbour in 1596; and by his side his wife, Elizabeth Throgmorton, to

whom he was privately married in 1595, thereby incurring the grave displeasure of the Queen, and a short imprisonment in the Tower. She was a woman worthy of such a husband. We have always fancied in Raleigh a likeness to Shakspeare, and have often imagined that if the latter had pursued a life of action, no likelier parallel could be found for what he might have been than Raleigh—so dextrous in all his undertakings, whether in court or camp, by sea or by land, with sword or with pen, that “he seemed to be born to that only which he went about,” and is perhaps the most brilliant figure in that time of great-hearted and large-brained men. With all its coarseness, and all its crimes, the age of Elizabeth is one of which the study must fill every English heart with pride. Such statesmen, soldiers, navigators, scholars, merchants, philosophers, poets have never before or since flourished together. Think of a galaxy in which Burleigh, Raleigh, Drake, Howard, Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare shone at the same time. The only likeness of Burleigh here is an atrocious picture of him (73) riding on a mule, from the Bodleian, destroyed by repainting, and utterly unworthy of a place here, either as a likeness or as a work of art. The Duke of Richmond’s picture of Burleigh in the Court of Wards is interesting, but too small to supply the want of a really satisfactory portrait of the politic Cecil, the man who, for forty years, bore the chief burden of administration in most difficult times, and of whom the historian of his life tells us, that—“Besides all business in council or other weighty causes, and such as were answered by word of mouth, there was not a day in term whereon he received not three-score, four-score, or a hundred petitions, which he read at night, and gave every man an answer the next morning as he went to the hall.” Truly, in business, in war, in poetry, in love, in ambition, in craft, and in crime there were giants in those days. The magnificent Howard, the lord high admiral, who conquered the Armada and took Cadiz, should surely have been here, surrounded by a cluster of those gallant captains, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, Drake, and Grenville, who, with their comrades, made the name of England so mighty upon all seas, and added so much to the known world by their daring voyages of discovery. It is mortifying to find these gallant hearts entirely unrepresented here, except by Sir A. More’s por-

trait called Drake (500), in the Gallery of Old Masters, but not in the least resembling the well-known face of that sea-scurge of the Spaniard. It is much to be lamented that the Gorhambury portrait gallery should have contributed nothing to the Exhibition. To this, we presume, must be ascribed the singular dearth here of portraits of the Verulam family. Here is neither the lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas, nor his more illustrious son, Francis Bacon, Viscount of St. Alban's—an irreparable *lacuna* in such a collection as this. The gallant adventurers who corresponded on land, to such men as Blunt, Cary, Fennar, and Willoughby at sea—deadly enemies of the Spaniard, and fearing neither man nor devil, when there was gold or honour to be won—and who constitute so characteristic a feature of the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, are here represented only by Sir Francis Vere (75), and his younger brother, Horatio (76), who survived him, and was created Baron Vere of Tilbury in 1625. Sir Francis Vere's is a keen sharp face, but with none of the sternness and ruggedness one would expect in the look of one who "served on the scene of all Christendom where war was acted." The Englishmen he commanded were so ill-provided that they were christened "the ragged regiment." But they did good service against the Spaniard, through the Low Country wars, especially at the battle of Nieuport, and in the gallant three years' defence of Ostend. Sir Horace "had more meekness," says Fuller, "and as much valour as his brother; so pious, that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man: one of an excellent temper, neither elated nor depressed with success or failure. Had one seen him returning from a victory, he would by his silence have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit." This is a noble character, and it is reflected in this calm face.

Here, too, is the noble head of Thomas Howard (68), which fell on the scaffold in 1572, for its owner's partisanship of the desperate cause of Mary Queen of Scots, into which he was urged by the double motive of love and ambition. And here (61), is that old fox, William Paulet, who, from a simple knight, rose to be Marquis of Winchester, holding his upward path, without

once forfeiting favour, under Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Mary, and for 30 years officiated as lord treasurer to Edward VI. and Elizabeth. His own key to his rare success was summed in the words, "I was the willow and not the oak." He lived to be 97, and of his 103 descendants not one died upon the scaffold—a remarkable distinction in those bloody days, and which seems to show that something of the ancestor's craft had passed to the stock. He built Basing House, and received the Queen there with a splendour which must have taxed the careful old treasurer's purse severely. Elizabeth was so delighted with her reception that she is said to have declared, "If my lord treasurer were but a young man I could find in my heart to have him for a husband before ever a man in England." The Earl of Lincoln (70 and 71), lord high admiral and K.G. was scarcely a person of such distinction as to entitle him to two portraits, though he was member of the wisest privy council that ever sat round a table. We must say, generally, that in a gallery where space was so precious, we should have preferred a little less of this sort of reduplication. Two Henry the Eighths, five Edward the Sixths, two Marys, seven Elizabeths, and five Charles the Firsts is decidedly an overdose of sovereigns.

Sir Henry Lee (72) is interesting as an example of the gallant loyalist—the ancestral stock of the men who sacrificed life and fortune so cheerfully for Charles the First. One delights to imagine this venerable old gentleman appearing year after year armed and mounted in the tilt yard at Whitehall to maintain the Queen's honour against all comers. For the anecdote which explains the dog and the lines in the picture we refer our readers to the catalogue. As an example of the "Royal Merchants," who make the reign of Elizabeth not less memorable in the annals of commerce, than in those of literature, war, and statesmanship, we have here Holbein's fine portait of Sir Thomas Gresham (67A), the builder of the first Exchange or Bourse, of which, however, the idea was his father's, Sir Richard Gresham's, who was Lord Mayor in 1537. Sir Thomas was the greatest financier of his time, and was sent for, in 1551, to restore the ruined credit of the King, then in the hands of the Protector Somerset, to whose rapacity, and not to any fault of poor young Edward's, the royal

embarrassments of that time were owing. For this purpose, Gresham went to Antwerp, and most amusing were the shifts he was reduced to to keep up the weekly payments to lenders, and transmit enough to satisfy the cravings of the English court. Most of the fine old church bells in England are said to have been melted down at this time, and transmitted to Gresham to raise money upon. The history of Gresham's expedients and projects in this business is a summary of all the ludicrous politico-economical blunders of the time. He continued to act in the same capacity for Queen Mary; for he was a supple courtier, and made small scruple of shifting even his faith to suit court winds. Accordingly, the zealous papist under Mary appears as a zealous protestant under Elizabeth, for whom he continued to negotiate foreign loans. He was made ambassador to the court of the Archduchess governing the Netherlands in 1560. All this while, however, he kept open his mercer's shop in Lombard-street, with its sign of the Grasshopper, which afterwards figured on the pinnacle of the Exchange, built at his suggestion and under his care, by aid of subscriptions among the merchants of London, between 1565 and 1569. Sir Thomas seems rather to have made "a good thing" out of the Exchange than to have bestowed any gift on the city; for at his death the rent from the shops outside and above the building was 700*l*. When the Exchange had been finished for more than a year, Sir Thomas, finding that most of the shops still stood empty, procured tenants by the ingenious "dodge," new at that day, but since worn threadbare, of inducing the Queen to pay a visit to the edifice in 1571. After getting the Queen's intention well noised about, Sir Thomas went round to the few shops that were already let, and promised their occupiers that they should have rent free for the year as many shops as they would light up and furnish with goods on the occasion of the royal visit. The Queen came accordingly, and after dining at Gresham's house, in Bishopsgate-street, went round the Exchange, admiring especially "The Pawne," or upper storey of shops, "richly furnished"—thanks to Sir Thomas's little ruse—"with all sorts of the finest wares in the city," and "caused the same Bourse by a herald and trumpet to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from henceforth and not other-

wise." This building was burnt in the great fire in 1666, and its successor shared the same fate in 1838, the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, strange to say, escaping on both occasions.

Sir Thomas, at his death, in 1579, left his great house in Bishopsgate-street, where he long had as his prisoner poor little Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane, as the seat of a college to be called by his name, with four professorships of divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry—almost the old "quadrivium"—endowed with the rents of the Exchange. It is a pity, considering the way this bequest has been turned—or, rather, not turned—to account, that he did not put his money to some better use. Old Fuller has his quip as usual, when he describes Sir Thomas "as the founder of two stately fabrics, the old Exchange, a kind of college for merchants; and Gresham College, a kind of exchange for scholars." Gresham built Osterley House, in Middlesex, where he magnificently entertained the Queen. "Her Majesty," says Fuller, "found fault with the court of the house as too great, affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night time sends for workmen to London (money commands all things), who so speedily and silently apply their business that the next morning discovered that court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen, next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof; whilst her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions, some avowing 'it was no wonder that he could so soon *change* a building who could build a '*Change*;' others (reflecting on some known differences in the knight's family), affirmed 'that any house is easier divided than united.'" In explanation of the last joke, we are sorry to inform our readers that the good knight's lady was a shrew.

As records of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, here, we may mention the Cavendish and Harley portrait of her (25),—not one of the handsomest, though in truth none bear out Mary's traditional renown for beauty; the curious full lengths by Lucas de Heere (13) of the unhappy Daruley and his brother Charles Stuart, father of that innocent sufferer Arabella Stuart, whose

touching history must be noticed when we come to the reign of James I.; and the very interesting picture (29), containing the cenotaph of the murdered Darnley, with the Earl of Lenox and his wife, Charles, the victim's brother, and Darnley's son James, afterwards King of England, kneeling beside it. In connection, also, with Mary, visitors should notice here the portrait of Bess of Hardwick (33), the "Building Bess," of Derbyshire tradition, who was for a while gaoler of the Queen of Scots, at her magnificent seat of Hardwick. It is a legend of the Cavendish family, that a fortune-teller prophesied of this masculine lady, that she should not die while she was building, so she spent the best part of three great fortunes, inherited from her leash of husbands—Sir William Cavendish, Sir William St. Loe, and George Earl of Shrewsbury—in erecting the stately mansions of Hardwick, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Worksop, but died nevertheless in a hard frost, when the workmen were forced to suspend their building—thus saving the gipsy's credit, and immortalising her own weakness for bricks and mortar. Hardwick still remains furnished as she left it, one of the grandest, and certainly the ghostliest of old English manor houses. It is easy to imagine the ghosts of Elizabeth and Mary still pacing the sixty yards length of that noble old gallery, when the moon shines in at the great windows, and the tattered arras waves along the walls.

The worthies of the reigns of James and Charles next engage our attention.

Painting in England during the reign of James was still chiefly in the hands of foreigners. Among the principal artists of this period is Nicholas Hilliard, who deserves special notice as being an Englishman. He was a native of Exeter, born in 1547, and brought up as a jeweller and goldsmith, to which callings he added that of a miniature painter. He rose to the highest repute under Elizabeth and her successor, and imitated, on a minute scale, the individuality of Holbein. Queen Elizabeth sat to him often; as did Mary Queen of Scots, James I., and Prince Henry. Under James he had a patent, giving him a monopoly of "making, graving, and imprinting any manner of picture," representing the King or royal family. He died in 1619. Works of more than

miniature size by him are rare. Here is a head of Sir Oliver Wallop (60), life size, from his hand, of little merit as a picture. Many of his miniatures will be found in the Duke of Portland's collection, and in frame 8 of the Buccleugh collection. Isaac Oliver a pupil of Nicholas Hilliard, also painted miniatures during the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, dying before his master, in 1617, and leaving a son Peter, who became famous in the same style of art. Works of both father and son are numerous in the miniature gallery. Vansomer and Mytens were both natives of Antwerp. The first painted here between 1606 and 1620. He was an honest heavy painter, who had but little power of imparting vitality to his portraits, and belongs to the school which Rubens superseded. Daniel Mytens painted here till the appointment of Vandyck as painter to King Charles I. is said to have so disgusted him that he begged permission to return to Flanders, and was with difficulty induced to remain by the King's assurance that he would find sufficient employment for both. Mytens was a tame painter in comparison with Rubens or Vandyck; but his colouring was warmer than that of Vansomer, and he shows more decidedly the influence of the new school of Antwerp, founded by Rubens.

Cornelius Jansen was a native of Amsterdam, who painted in this country between 1618 and 1648, when he retired, under protection of a speaker's warrant, first to Middleburgh, and finally to Amsterdam, in which city he died in 1665. We read also of two English painters—Peake and Marquis—during this reign, but their works cannot now be identified. There are two portraits of James I. here, the one a small full length seated (80), the other in armour, by Mytens. "The wisest fool in Europe," as Sully called the British Solomon, has just that vague, round characterless face we might expect in one whose vices even were mean and petty. Inconstant, pusillanimous; slobberingly tender in his unmanly affections; implacable in his groundless hates; a bigot, without genuine beliefs; a pedant, in whom scholarship served only to make learning contemptible; a profligate, without the excuse of strong passions; a lover of pleasure, without grace or gallantry; mean, vindictive, and false,—history has few more hateful figures than James I. who, as he was first of the Stuarts.

summed up the worst faults of the race, with none of their redeeming qualities.

Here are no fewer than three portraits of his noble son, Henry Prince of Wales (38, 38A, and 39)—another instance of the useless reduplication to which we have already referred. Prince Henry was the idol of the popular affections; but the splendid promise of his youth was nipped by premature death—not without suspicion of poison—in his 19th year, in 1612. Good, gay, gallant; full of martial fire, yet not averse to letters; generous, yet not profuse; as noble in his friendships as his father was nauseous; the staunch friend of Raleigh, of whom he said, “none but his father would keep such a bird in a cage,” and who, while a prisoner in the Tower, wrote for the prince’s reading, his noble *History of the World*, Prince Henry seems really to have deserved the character which the popular favour has affixed to his memory.

There is no likeness here of Charles in his youth. His portrait is said to have been painted by Velasquez in 1623, during that romantic visit to the court of Spain, of which a record is to be seen here in the picture of the Infanta (97), said to be the very one brought back by the prince. Howell’s description of her “as of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed,” hardly does her justice. She is by far the prettiest infanta whose portrait has come down to us. Here is no portrait of the most infamous of the King’s minions—Carr, Earl of Somerset—though there is one (24) of his almost equally infamous wife, the beautiful Frances Howard. Married at thirteen, to the son of Elizabeth’s favourite, Earl of Essex, she was soon after her marriage seduced by Carr, then Lord Rochester. His friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, though he aided him in the seduction, opposed the favourite’s project for a divorce of the countess, in order to a marriage with Carr. Overbury, by this beautiful devil’s contrivance, was sent to the Tower, where, the day before the divorce was obtained, he died by poison. This was in September, 1614, and before the year was out the King’s favourite, now Earl of Somerset, and Frances Howard were man and wife. But Somerset never held up his head after the murder of his friend. Eager to overthrow the favourite, his enemies at court, headed by Abbot, Archbishop of

Canterbury, threw George Villiers into the King's way. What *he* was in looks, the visitor to Manchester may judge by no fewer than three portraits—one by Mytens, representing him when young (44); another, by Jansen, a full length, in black, more advanced in years (46); and a third, by the same hand, with the date 1624 (98), near the Infanta. There is no darker or more disgusting tale in all that evil reign than the whole story of Somerset:—his favour with the King; his marriage; the murder of Overbury; the loathsome secrets, by virtue of which both the miserable minion and his bloody wife were allowed to escape their just doom, and retire to the country, where they are said to have spent the rest of their guilty lives, in mutual hate, recrimination, and remorse, abandoned by all, in spite of the 4000*l.* a-year which the earl wrung from the master whose foul secrets were his safety. Their only child was the mother of the Lord William Russell, who died on the scaffold in the reign of Charles II.; strange ancestry for such a man. Carr's predecessor in the King's favour,—Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery (99), took a blow on Croydon race-course from Viscount Haddington, a Scotch rival in the King's good graces, without offering to return it; a piece of cowardice which was felt at the time as a national disgrace. The mother of this poltroon was Mary Sidney, Sir Philip's sister, celebrated in Ben Jonson's famous epitaph:—

“ Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

Her portrait hangs here (74), as she would have wished it to hang, far from that of her unworthy son. She is said to have torn her hair with rage when she heard of her boy's baseness. And yet it should not be forgotten that Philip Herbert, with his nobler brother, was the friend and patron of Shakspeare. With too many of those who rejoiced in the King's infamous favour, here are some who pined under his cruelty. Chief among such sufferers is the ill-fated Arabella Stuart (37). This most unhappy victim of the royal jealousy was the daughter of

the King's uncle, Charles Stuart, brother to Darnley. Her elevation to the throne was said to have been one object of the plot for which Raleigh, Cobham and Grey narrowly escaped death on the scaffold in 1603. But it is certain that she was not privy to such a design, if ever it was really entertained. The charge, however, was enough to excite the cowardly fears of James, to whom this lady was, from the first moment of his English reign, an object of dislike and suspicion. She loved and was beloved by William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, in whose veins flowed the blood of Henry VII. They were privately married in defiance of the royal prohibition. On discovery of the marriage Seymour was sent to the Tower, and Lady Arabella was consigned, first to the custody of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and afterwards to that of the Bishop of Durham, at Highgate, whence she fled in male attire, with the view of joining her husband, who had also contrived to elude his gaolers. Their escape was soon discovered. They missed the appointed rendezvous. The ship in which the Lady Arabella had sailed for France was overhauled and captured by an English ship of war in mid-channel, and the lady taken and re-committed to the Tower. Her husband had effected his escape into Flanders. The Lady Arabella remained a prisoner for four years, in spite of the most piteous appeals to the King's mercy, and the state of her health, which soon sank under captivity and despair. She died a broken-hearted maniac in 1615.

Of George Villiers, to whose numerous portraits we have already referred, everyone knows that his beauty won for him the maudlin tenderness of the King, and secured his rise, from the low estate of a Leicestershire squire's young person, first to the post of cupbearer to the King (1613); and thence, by quick steps, to the dignities and offices of knight and gentleman of the bedchamber (1615); master of the horse, knight of the garter, baron and viscount (1616); Earl of Buckingham (1616-17); Marquis of Buckingham (1617-18); high admiral, chief justice in Eyre, master of the King's Bench Office, high steward of Westminster, and constable of Windsor Castle (1617-18). The King nick-named him "Steenie," from his supposed resemblance to some picture of Saint Stephen, the proto-martyr. He accompanied Prince Charles on his romantic journey to Spain in 1623,

and was created Duke of Buckingham during his absence on that occasion. In 1625, he went to Paris to bring over Queen Henrietta Maria. Buckingham retained over Charles almost as absolute an empire as he had established over his father. It was owing mainly to his pernicious counsels that the young King met with haughty denial the prayers of his first three parliaments for redress of grievances and limitation of the prerogative, and plunged England into wars with France and Spain. The knife of Felton—exhibited at Manchester—on the 23d of August, 1628, ridded the country of one of whom Warburton not undeservedly describes as “a minister the most debauched, the most unable, and the most tyrannical that ever was.” Not far from Villiers the vainest hangs Cecil (84) the craftiest, if not wisest of the councillors of James, nick-named by James his “little beagle;” a name well-earned by the lord treasurer’s keenness, sureness of scent, and power of patiently following up his object. It is rare that such a father as William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, has been succeeded by a son so nearly his father’s equal, in all that shrewdness and sagacity can supply of statesmanship or rather statecraft. Robert Cecil died in May, 1612, worn out with disease, mortified by the unexpected resistance of the parliament of 1611 to the encroachments of the royal prerogative, and apprehending the worst consequences from what he called “the desperate hardness of the prejudiced people.” He seems, at the hour of his death, to have had some foreshadowing of the struggle between king and commons which reached its consummation 30 years later on the scaffold at Whitehall.

Here, too, conspicuously among the nobler figures of the reign, is Henry Wriothesley (31), the Earl of Southampton, and his wife, Elizabeth Vernon (32). This earl was the friend and first patron of Shakspeare. To him the poet dedicated his “Venus and Adonis,” in 1593, and his “Rape of Lucrece” the year after, in language betokening both gratitude and affection. Imprisoned for his participation in the mad rising of his friend Essex, in 1606, Southampton remained a prisoner in the Tower, till released by James. He made a friend of his cat during his imprisonment, and the cat figures in this picture.

Vansomer’s full-length portrait of Henry Carey, the first Lord

Falkland (411)—appointed lord deputy of Ireland in 1620, and father of the great Lord Falkland,—which belonged to Horace Walpole, is celebrated as the picture which suggested to him the incident of the portrait walking out of the frame, in the “Castle of Otranto,” as he writes to Cole, in March, 1759. Does anybody read the “Castle of Otranto,” now-a-days? We remember the impression made on our own youthful imagination by the gigantic armour,—the helmet dropped in the courtyard,—the huge mailed hand seen on the balusters of the great staircase. It was a dream of such an apparition of a gigantic hand that suggested the romance,—so Walpole tells his correspondent Cole,—and he sat down and wrote on that hint, without plot or plan, getting more and more engrossed with his story as he went on. Poor Horace Walpole flattered himself that in the tale he was “retracing with some fidelity the manners of ancient days.” In truth the life described in his “Otranto” is about as like the life of feudal times as Strawberry Hill is like Carnarvon Castle. Here, by Mytens, are the founders of the fortune of the Cavendish family—Sir Charles and his wife Lady Ogle (42 and 43), father and mother of the first Duke of Newcastle, whose portrait we shall notice in his proper place, as a notable of the reign of Charles I.

And near them,—of more interest for ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred than all these lords and courtiers,—are a batch of worthies, glories of the reign of James, and inheritors of fame for all time, Camden (34), Shakspeare (85), Ben Jonson (86), Fletcher (86A), and Harvey (165). The last, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was born in 1598, and died in 1657. He was appointed physician extraordinary to James in 1623, five years before his great discovery was given to the world. In 1630, he was named physician to Charles, whose fortunes he followed, having been appointed by him warden of Merton in 1645. He always maintained that his discovery ruined his practice. It was lucky it did not cost him his professorship of anatomy in the Royal College of Physicians.

Camden, the most learned and sagacious of antiquarians, whose “Britannia” still remains a model for all topographical histories, was born in 1551, and died in 1623. His portrait here (34),

comes from the Paper Stainers' Company, of which his father was a member, and to which he bequeathed a silver cup and cover, out of which, every St. Luke's Day, the old master of the Company drinks to the new one. Whether as St. Paul's boy, servitor at Magdalen, student at Christ-church, second master of Westminster school in 1575, or head master from 1593 to 1598, Camden employed all his leisure in amassing the materials for his great work, the "*Chorographical Description of Britain*," first published in 1586, of which no less than six editions appeared in this country during the author's lifetime, to say nothing of foreign reprints. Up to this day, within the limits which Camden himself assigned to his work, his "*Britannia*" is unrivalled for accuracy and sagacity. Camden was the pearl of antiquarians. Good sense is as prominent in him as love of the past, and he seems to value facts and objects really according to their importance, not their antiquity. As a piece of scholarship his book deserves the highest credit, both for range of research and purity and force of style. In 1598 Camden gave up the head mastership of Westminster for the less laborious office of Clarenceux King of Arms. He died beloved and honoured as a noble type of the scholar, in 1623, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Here is our own Shakspeare—the Chandos portrait (85)—surrounded by a cluster of contemporaries, and fellows in his art of the stage—Burbage (87), the actor, his fellow-townsmen, his predecessor in the theatre, and afterwards joint shareholder with him in the Blackfriars and Globe, his friend through life, and the first actor of Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, and no doubt the other principal tragic parts of Shakspeare's plays—Ben Jonson (86), with his sturdy, stubborn, honest face, scarcely visible through the smoke and soot which have been allowed to blacken this interesting portrait—John Taylor, the waterman poet (91),—the "gentleman-like sculler," as he was called,—who must often have answered Shakspeare's hail of "*Oars, oars*," from the Blackfriars stairs, when the play was done, and pulled him over to the Falcon, on the Bankside, for a merry supper with his fellows, Dekker and Chapman, Jonson and Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, Drayton and Daniel. Who knows how often those

meetings may have been graced by the statelier presence of Essex and Southampton, Raleigh and Spenser?

Here, too, are portraits of Nathaniel Field and John Lowen, both known to have been actors in Shakspeare's plays, and the portrait of Fletcher from the Clarendon Gallery at the Grove, inscribed "Poet Fletcher." Evelyn, in his catalogue of the Clarendon Gallery, mentions portraits of Beaumont and Fletcher, "both in one piece;" but this picture has disappeared, and there is now no portrait of Beaumont at the Grove.

Shirley (90) belongs chronologically to a later date; but as he closes the great gallery of the dramatists, of which Shakspeare is the central figure, he is perhaps most fitly placed among them. With Dryden opens a new and baser epoch in the dramatic art, when the muse of the theatre puts on a dress tagged with rhyme, bedizened with French finery, and bedaubed with French filth, from the entanglement of which she has never since quite extricated herself. The Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, of the many so-called likenesses of the poet, is perhaps the one possessing most claims to authenticity after the portrait prefixed to the edition of 1823, the accuracy of which is vouched by Ben Jonson's lines:—

"The figure that thou here seest put
Was for the gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the Life.
Oh! could he have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look,
Not on his picture, but his book."

The Chandos picture, here shown, is now the property of the nation, having been the first gift to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery by the late Earl of Ellesmere. It was well that the foundation of the gallery of national portraits should have been laid with Shakspeare. This picture belonged to Davenant, the successor of Ben Jonson as poet laureate, and afterwards to the great actor Betterton; from whose hands it passed to those of Mrs. Barry, and subsequently, by marriage, became the property of the Duke of Chandos. It was bought at the Stowe sale by Lord

Ellesmere. We may surely presume that Davenant, as one who knew Shakspeare, would not have kept a portrait of him unless it had considerable claims to be considered a good likeness.

This portrait was copied for Dryden by Kneller, and the poet, in return, sent to the painter these lines :—

“ Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight,
 With awe I ask his blessing as I write ;
 With reverence look on his majestic face,
 Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
 His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
 And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight :
 Bids thee, through me, be bold, with dauntless breast,
 Contemn the bad, and emulate the best :
 Like his, thy critics in the attempt are lost,
 When most they rail, know then they envy most.”

It is a pity Dryden did not stop at the end of the second couplet. It was not worth invoking the inspiration of Shakspeare's portrait to pay a roundabout compliment to Kneller. It must not pass without a kindly word, by brave, burly old Ben Jonson ; the honest man who, between 1574 and 1637, fought his way roughly upwards through a rough life, from bricklayer's boy to poet laureate ; who was to the comedy of manners what Shakspeare is to the comedy of character ; the richest of all mines for illustration of Elizabethan manners and humours ; the independent spirit who, in all his struggles with hard fortune, even when reduced to four-pound loans from prosperous Philip Henslow, that most money-making of Elizabethan managers, still held his head high, and guarded it, at need, with his rapier, with which he killed Gabriel, the actor, in a duel, in Hogsden Fields ; the king of good fellows, who ruled the roast at the Apollo room, in the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, where every well-bred town wit was sealed of the tribe of Ben, and was proud to call Jonson “ father ;” and author of the noblest lines that have been written commemorative of Shakspeare, including that ever to be remembered one,

“ He was not for an age, but for all time.”

The concise epitaph on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey, —“ O, rare Ben Jonson,”—we owe to the accidental kindness of “ Jack Young, afterwards knighted,” as Aubrey tells us, “ who,

walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it." It has often struck us that there is more than one point of striking resemblance between Ben Jonson and his namesake of a century later—the great Samuel. When we read Aubrey's account of the pitted face, "punched full of holes like the cover of a warming-pan,"—he, himself, speaks of his "mountain belly and his rocky face," of the eyes one lower than the other, and bigger, and the huge coat, like a coachman's, with slits under the armpits—and add to it other contemporary accounts of Ben's blustering, overbearing manner, his good-fellowship at bottom, his clubableness, his power of conversation, his learning, and his love of canary, we have recalled to us at almost every point, some closely corresponding trait of the immortal lexicographer.

Not the least remarkable among the worthies of James the First's reign whose portraits are here exhibited, are Sir Hugh Myddleton (104), the public-spirited and bold projector, who brought the New River to London in 1613, to his own ruin, but the benefit of the capital for ages to come—a service cheaply purchased by a baronetcy. And lastly, Sir Henry Wotton, the learned and accomplished foreign ambassador who served James so well in many of the European courts, and to whom we owe the celebrated definition of an ambassador, "*Vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ*" ("A good man sent abroad to lie for the sake of his country"). There is an acuteness and sly humour in the face of his portrait (103) which fits the authorship of this well known *mot*, which was written in a friend's album at Augsburg, but which, reaching the King's ears, very nearly cost Wotton the royal favour for the rest of his life.

Before dismissing from the stage the actors in that miserable tragi-comedy, the reign of James I., we must call attention to the portraits of two more of those magnificent minions, who, like Carr, Herbert, and Buckingham, owed their advancement to beauty and not to brains. These are, James Hay, the Earl of Carlisle (120), and Henry Rich, the Earl of Holland (126), whose portraits, if the historical gallery had been arranged with attention to sequence, should hang rather among the figures which illustrate the reign of James than among those personifying the struggle between King and Commons, under his successor. James Hay

was a fair-haired, regular-featured, good-tempered young Scotchman, a gentleman of the Scotch body guard, which had been maintained in the French court since the time of Louis XI. Presented to James by the French ambassador, by his good looks, graciousness, and affability, he rapidly rose to rank, first as Lord Hay of Sawley, afterwards as Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle. In 1616, he was selected for the embassy to Paris, to convey the congratulations of James to the King of France on his marriage with the Spanish Infanta. Here the magnificence for which Hay was noted had full scope. Besides providing his retinue with the most splendid liveries, he had his horse shod with silver shoes, so slightly fastened on, that as he curvetted from his lodgings to the Louvre, ever and anon one of these silver plates would be cast loose, and left for the crowd to scramble for; while one of his footmen, from a tawny velvet bag, replaced it with another, to be in like manner flung off and fought for. In 1619, on an embassy to Germany, Hay displayed equal splendour. It was on this occasion that the Prince of Orange, on being told of the necessity of doing something to rival the splendour of his magnificent visitor, called for the bill of fare for the day when Lord Carlisle was expected at the Hague, and finding only one pig in the bill, magnanimously ordered his steward to put down another. Hay was in Spain during the wild scamper of Prince Charles in 1623, and in Paris on the conclusion of the match with Henrietta Maria. For missions of state and ceremony he was, probably, not ill selected, provided James were able and willing to pay the bill when Carlisle's means ran short.

His honest and admiring historian, Andrew Wilson, tells us that "the meaucest of his suits was so fine as to look like romance," and there are curious examples recorded of such fantastic luxuries at his entertainments, as pies of ambergrease, that cost ten pounds a piece, and fishes "brought from Muscovy, so huge that dishes had to be made to contain them," like the famous turbot of Tiberius. James did his best to supply the means for this mad extravagance, by finding rich wives for his favourite; Lady Denny first, and afterwards the lovely Lucy Percy, daughter of the stern and straightforward Earl of Northumberland, whose proud stomach resisted even a life's imprisonment in the Tower, for

suspicion of his privity to the gunpowder plot. He refused to consent to his daughter's marriage with a "beggarly Scot," though he knew his own liberation would be the first consequence of it. James is believed, on Clarendon's estimate, to have given this favourite not less than four hundred thousand pounds. But James Hay was far from the worst of the King's minions. Henry Rich added to frivolity and folly a baseness of ingratitude to which Hay's career furnishes no parallel. Raised rapidly by his beauty, within a few years, to the knighthood of the Bath, the captaincy of the King's Guard, and an office in the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; created successively Viscount Fenton in Scotland, Baron Kensington and Earl of Holland, Rich accompanied Hay on his embassies, and rivalled even his splendid follies. For him, too, James found a rich wife, in Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who brought him the manor and house at Kensington, built by her father in 1607, and still known as Holland House. Rich was sent to Paris in 1624, with Hay, to negotiate the marriage of Henrietta Maria with Charles, and there is little doubt that on this occasion he won the affections of the beautiful young princess, and that this passion of hers led to those outbreaks of aversion to her husband which rendered the earliest years of Charles's wedded life so unhappy. Rich was the basest of men. When the King's star began to wane in 1641, he joined the party of the opposition, carrying with him the secrets of the court. In 1642, the Queen, now despising as much as she had ever loved him, insisted on his dismissal from the post of first gentleman of the bedchamber. In 1643 Rich turned traitor to his new friends and joined his royal master at the siege of Gloucester, but afterwards deserted again to the parliament from Oxford. In 1648 he was guilty of his last act of apostasy, if it should not rather be called of remorse, drawing the sword for the King, when his cause was hopeless, at Nonsuch House. His defeat, flight, and arrest were followed by his death on the scaffold, before Westminster Hall, in March, 1649, in company with the Duke of Hamilton and the gallant Lord Capell, who neither of them deserved so base a companion in their deaths.

And now the stage is clear for the actors in a very different strife from that of rival minions in the ante-chamber—for the dark and

earnest men—Strafford and Falkland, Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Fairfax, and Cromwell—who in the terrible struggle of the Great Revolution decided the question between the prerogative of the King and the liberties of the people. As if that this mighty political drama might be pictorially set forth as it deserved, Vandyck is the painter of its principal personages.

Though Rubens visited England in 1629, and painted, during that visit, the picture called "Peace and War," now in our National Gallery, he was here in the character of a diplomatist, not a painter. The knighthood which he received from the hand of Charles in 1630, before his return to Spain, was the reward for his negotiation of a treaty, not for the decoration of Whitehall. The ceiling of the banqueting-house was commissioned during this visit, but not painted till some years after, and sent over finished from Antwerp. The portrait of the Earl of Arundel, the great collector of objects of art and antiquity (107), is the only English portrait here from the hand of Rubens, and this may have been painted during his nine months' residence in this country. He had already painted a picture of the earl and his countess, at Antwerp, in 1620, but the two portraits were on the same canvas. Thomas Howard, first Lord Arundel, was born in 1586, and was made earl marshal in 1621. He incurred the displeasure of Charles, and an imprisonment of some duration in the Tower, by the marriage of his son, Lord Maltravers, with the Lady Elizabeth Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, without the King's consent, in 1626. He was general of the army sent to Scotland by Charles in 1639, presided as earl marshal at Strafford's trial in 1640, accompanied the Queen and her daughter to Holland in 1641, and died in exile at Padua in 1646. He employed agents on the continent collecting whatever was rarest in the way of pictures and antiques, whether statues, gems, or medals, and was instrumental, probably, in bringing about Vandyck's second visit to this country. To him we owe that fine collection of marbles now at Oxford, known as the Arundelian marbles. To this portrait of him (127), we may apply the words employed by Clarendon in describing his character:—"He had in his person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and

motion." At the same time, Clarendon tells us "this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity."

Vandyck was the true painter of the cavaliers. That quality in his work which justifies the description of him as "*pittore cavalieresco*," peculiarly fitted him to delineate those stately figures, set off by the most graceful of all dresses that have ever been worn in England; those proud and regular faces, with their flowing lovelocks; those high-bred hands, strong only for the sword-hilt; those proud, self-possessed, yet easy attitudes.

Vandyck had risen to an eminence only second to his master, Rubens, in 1620, the year before he paid his first visit to England. He stayed but a few months in England on that occasion, and we cannot point to any work of his executed during these few months. Between 1621 and his next visit to England in 1632, Vandyck had travelled through Italy, studying and leaving numerous records of his pencil in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Florence, and Turin, and had spent five years in diligent and successful labour at Antwerp, while Rubens was more engrossed by his diplomatic employment at Madrid and London, than by his painting. The Earl of Arundel and Sir Kenelm Digby were the earliest and warmest English protectors of Vandyck. He rapidly displaced from favour Jansen and Mytens, and soon secured a monopoly of court employment—living luxuriously and profusely during the winter in the Blackfriars, and during the summer in a suit of apartments fitted up for him by the king in the old palace at Eltham. He left England for a short visit to Paris in 1640, and returned in broken health to witness the outbreak of civil war. He did not long survive the execution of his friend and patron, Strafford; dying at the close of 1641. His works are characterised by very unequal degrees of merit. Immeasurably the best, are those of his period of Italian travel, and his five years at Antwerp, from 1626 to 1631. To this period belong the fine pictures of the Hertford collection (6 and 7), and the portraits of Snyders and his wife (662, 663), in the gallery of old masters, which are worthy of the painter of that masterpiece of portraiture—the "Gevartius" of the National Gallery, and his group of the three children from Earl de Grey's

collection (660). No work of his painted in England can for a moment stand comparison with these admirable productions. Among the best here are the portraits of Charles I.—the half length (661), and the full length on horseback (736). The “Killigrew and Carew” (667), and the “Royal Family” (683). To the secondary order of merit belong all his pictures in the historical portrait gallery. They vary in excellence, but in no case reach the highest range of the painter’s power. Besides Vandyck we may mention, as contemporary painters, Sir Balthazar Gerbier—though he early abandoned the art for diplomacy—and Dobson, an Englishman, and pupil of Vandyck’s. Dobson’s picture (106), representing Gerbier, Sir Clement Cotterill, and the painter himself, shows the pupil little inferior to his master. King Charles used to call Dobson “the English Tintoret.” Vandyck found him labouring in a garret, and recommended him to the King. Like Vandyck, Dobson was profuse in his habits, and died at thirty-six, in the year 1646.

And now, let us turn from these painters to their works. Here we may find most of the conspicuous names of the greatest struggle of English history. Of the royal party here are the King, his three arch-evil councillors, Buckingham,—already noticed,—Strafford (110), and Laud (94), besides a long list of the beauties, captains, wits, and courtiers, who marked the few festive years of that troubled reign, and its long continued civil discords. Of the heroes on the side of the parliament here are Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym, Selden, Hollis, and Eliot; but neither Bradshaw, Strode, nor Hazelrigge, Freimes, Vane, nor Grimston; and the parliamentary generals, Fairfax, Essex, and Manchester; but neither Ireton, Ludlow, nor Harrison. To comment on every one of these pictures, at the length to which their importance tempts us, would be to write a volume and not an article.

We shall probably best prepare visitors for appreciating this part of the gallery by a rapid survey of the principal incidents of the great rebellion in their succession; noticing, as we proceed, the portraits of the chief actors in the drama here represented. King Charles I. (96, 109, 186, &c.) was born with the century, and succeeded to the throne in March, 1625; marrying, in the

May of that year, his beautiful queen, Henrietta Maria (108, 116). All through the preceding reign, the strife between king and parliament had been going on; but Charles, by the pernicious influence of Buckingham, had been blinded to the lessons which that conflict should have taught him. His first parliament met in June, 1625. Hampden (131) sat in that parliament for Wendover. The King wanted money to carry on the war with Spain. The parliament, instead of voting supplies, arraigned the conduct of Buckingham; and, refusing all subsidies, was dissolved, after three weeks' sitting. In February, 1626, the second parliament met, and appointed committees for religion, for redress of grievances, and for secret affairs. In May, articles of impeachment were exhibited against Buckingham, when Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot, who brought up the articles, were committed to the Tower; and in June this second parliament, still stubborn, was dissolved without passing a single act. Wentworth was among the leaders of opposition in this parliament, and was committed to prison for his conduct in that capacity. Hampden shared his captivity, for resistance to the payment of illegal taxation. In the same month was published a royal declaration of the causes of the dissolution of these two parliaments; and an order for the levying of tonnage and poundage, by means of which, with arbitrary loans and ship money, the King endeavoured to raise the supplies which his parliament refused him. The third parliament of 1628 granted five subsidies; but with them passed the celebrated petition of right, against taxation without consent of parliament, imprisonment without legal process, the billeting of soldiers on people against their wills, and commissions of martial law. The parliament was prorogued in June. In August, the Duke of Buckingham was murdered by Felton; and in March, 1629, the King dissolved his third parliament, in a speech in which he called the patriot members, Hollis (177), Pym (132 A), Eliot (132), Selden (149), and their supporters, "common vipers." For eleven years after this no parliament was called, and the King carried on the government by the unconstitutional exercise of his royal prerogative. Hollis, Eliot, and Valentine were sent to the Tower in the same year, where Eliot, the bosom-friend of Hampden, remained

till he died. In 1633 the King held a Scotch parliament in Edinburgh. In 1634, the first writ of ship money was issued; Wentworth restored order as Lord-deputy in Ireland; and in 1636 John Hampden refused to pay his assessment of thirty-six shillings for ship money—now extended to the inland part of the kingdom—on the plea that the tax was illegally imposed. The influence of Laud was all this time in the ascendant. He was with the king in Scotland in 1633. During the same year he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, on the death of Abbott, his old enemy, (93); in 1635, he was of the foreign committee of the privy council, and in 1636, he got his creature Juxon, Bishop of London, appointed Lord High Treasurer. The tyrannical proceedings of Wentworth, as president of the Northern Council, were of earlier date; but down to his creation as Earl of Strafford in 1639, he was the chief prompter of the royal resistance to the Commons. In 1638 had been passed the order in council prohibiting emigration to New England without royal license, which arrested in the river the ship, on board of which Hampden and Cromwell had taken their departure for North America. In 1638, too, the solemn league and covenant was subscribed in Edinburgh, under the provocation of Laud's efforts to force the episcopal liturgy on the church of Scotland, and in 1639 broke out the war with Scotland, the King giving Strafford the chief command of the army destined to oppose his rebellious Scottish subjects. In 1640, by advice of Laud and Wentworth, the King, in desperate want of resources to carry on the war, determined to summon a parliament which met in April, after eleven years continued silence of the Commons, and uninterrupted tyranny of the King. Of this parliament Hampden (131), Pym, St. John, Denzil Hollis (177), Cromwell, Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon,—175), Falkland (173), and Digby (123), were leading members.

The King asked for an immediate supply of money, promising, if it were granted, to give up the prerogative of ship money. But he had deceived his third parliament which coupled the subsidies it gave with the Petition of Right, and it was felt unsafe to trust him afresh. Besides, the Commons denied the existence of the very prerogative the King offered to surrender. Hampden moved

the question—"Whether the house would consent to the King's offer?" Hyde moved the question—"Whether the house would grant or refuse a supply?" If the first motion had been carried against consent, the court would have been defeated; by carrying the grant on the second, the court would have gained a victory. The house separated without voting. Next day the King dissolved the parliament in an angry speech.

By this dissolution the die was cast. The royal tyranny became more active than ever. Ship-money was extracted more rigorously than before. Forced loans were again resorted to. There was even a project entertained for debasing the currency. In August the King marched a second time against the Scots, while the leading members of the opposition invited them southwards. The royal army was disaffected, and gave way before the enemy. No shift remained even for the shifty King. He made a truce with the Scots, and summoned a parliament. This was the long parliament which met on the 3rd of November, 1640—a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen. The minds of the opposition were embittered. The tone of the House of Commons was very different from that of the short Parliament of the year before, when, with honesty and moderation, the King still had the game in his own hands. The gulf had widened now—was rapidly becoming impassable—and yet there was still a hope, had the King's eyes not been, as it were, judicially blinded. In the first session of the long Parliament, Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. The Lord Keeper fled to France. The instruments of royal oppression,—even the judges who had decided for the legality of the writ of ship-money,—Bramston (176), chief justice of the King's Bench, at their head,—were summoned to answer for their conduct: the Court of Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, and the Northern Council were dissolved as arbitrary and unconstitutional tribunals; Laud's victims were released from prison; the old feudal jurisdictions of the King were abolished; it was provided that Parliament should not be prorogued or dissolved without its own consent, and that parliaments would be held at least once every three years. Laud and Strafford were beheaded, after condemnation, by bill of attainder,—the former in January, the latter in March,

1641. Both executions were clearly justifiable on the strongest of all pleas—the necessities of public safety.

On the faces of these two great prompters of all that was most fatal in the conduct of their master, in church and state, we quote the well-weighed remarks of Macaulay:—"Never were faces more strikingly characteristic of the individuals to whom they belonged than those of Laud and Strafford, as they remain portrayed, by the most skilful hand of the age. The mean forehead, the pinched features, the peering eyes, of the prelate, suit admirably with his disposition. They mark him out as a lower kind of St. Dominic, differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition, as we might imagine the familiar imp of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness. When we read his grace's judgments, when we read the report which he drew up, setting forth that he had sent some separatists to prison, and imploring the royal aid against others, we feel a movement of indignation. We turn to his diary, and are at once as cool as contempt can make us. . . . But Wentworth—who ever names him without thinking of those harsh, dark features, ennobled by their expression, into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein as in a chronicle are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years; high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne; of that fixed look, so full of serenity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forebode and defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyck." During the autumn of 1641 the long parliament adjourned. Before it re-assembled in November of the next year, the Irish rebellion had broken out, and had been generally attributed by the Puritans to indirect encouragement afforded to the rebels by the King. When the House met, the breach, not only between the Court and the Commons, but between the more moderate and more thorough-going oppositionists in the House itself, was wider than ever. In the debate on the remonstrance setting out all the grievances of the last fifteen years, and calling on the King to employ no ministers in whom the parliament could not confide, which lasted from nine in the morning of November 21 to two of

the following morning, party feelings were so exasperated that "but for the sagacity and calmness of Mr. Hampden," says an eye-witness, "we had sheathed our swords in each others bowels." The remonstrance was carried by a majority of nine only, and at this the eleventh hour, by honestly and heartily joining with Falkland (173), Hyde (175), Digby (123), and Colepepper, the leaders of the moderate constitutionalists, in the Commons, and with Bedford (123) in the Lords, Charles might still have rallied the nation to his cause. Negotiations were actually on foot for nominating these men to important posts of the Government, under Bedford; but again the suicidal councils of the supporters of the prerogative prevailed, and the fatal attempt to arrest the five members—Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, and Strode—in January, 1642, was, in effect, a declaration of civil war. Charles left London for York, and after this month never visited his capital again but as a prisoner.

On March the 2nd, the Commons resolved to embody the militia without the royal assent; and ordered the Duke of Northumberland (124), as Lord High Admiral, to equip the navy for the service of the Parliament. This was war, however disguised by constitutional forms. In this gallery we shall find most of the heroes who took part on either side in that war—a war such as no other country has ever witnessed: in which the noblest qualities of courage and conduct were displayed on both sides; where the patriotism of the parliamentary party was balanced by the loyalty and devotion of the partisans of the King; and where, in the very fiercest heat of an internecine struggle, the power of law and the principles of social order were never once suspended.

Taking, as the first overt act of the struggle, the raising of the royal standard, at Nottingham, in August, 1642, we may divide the conflict into two great acts. The first ends with the defeat of the royal army of the west at Stow-on-the-Wold, and the taking of Harlech Castle, early in 1647. This division includes the battles of Edgehill and Brentford, the storm of Cirencester, by Rupert; the skirmish in Chalgrove Field, the taking of Bristol, the siege of Gloucester, the battle of Roundway Down, the siege of Hull, the actions of Nantwich (in which Monk, then an officer in the royal army, was made prisoner), Cheriton Down, and

Selby ; the more decisive battles of Marston Moor, Newbury, and Naseby, each of which decided the fate of the royal cause in its own quarter of the island ; the taking of Lathom House, Welbeck, Bolsover, Bletchington, Basing, and numerous other manorial strongholds. The war was waged—for the King—in the north by the Earl of Newcastle, in the west by Rupert, Goring, Grenville, and Hopton, and in the midland counties by Lord Capel ; and by Essex, Manchester, and Fairfax, successively for the parliament. Cromwell, during this period does not rise above a secondary command of cavalry, under all three generals. During this period the King's head quarters were first at York, afterwards at Oxford. He paid a visit to Bristol, and moved about the west, and up and down the southern and midland counties towards its close.

The second great division of the civil war includes the events between the rendering up of the King to the commissioners of parliament, by the Scots, at the beginning of 1647, and his execution in January, 1649. He was all this time a prisoner, or a fugitive, at Holmby, Hampton Court, Newport, and Carisbrook, returning to London only for his trial and execution.

Of the chief actors in the first division of the war, we have here—besides the parliamentary notabilities already mentioned, as Hampden, Eliot, Pym, Denzil Hollis, and Cromwell—Sir John Pennington (133), the admiral of the fleet, appointed by Charles, in lieu of the Earl of Northumberland (124), who had been named to the same post by the parliament ; Sir John Byron (141), a black-browed, coarse-featured cavalier, with a slash across his nose, a malignant of the most hard-riding, hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-hitting kind,—to whom, as constable of the tower in 1641, the King mainly trusted for arming the forces with which he then hoped to overcome the parliament ; but who was forced by the parliament to give up that most important post, when he joined his royal master at York. Sir John commanded a reserve of horse at Edgehill, the first important action of the war, on the 23d October, 1642. Essex was the parliamentary general in that battle, which might have been a victory for the King but for the impetuosity of Prince Rupert (115), who, breaking the parliamentary horse, pursued them so far, besides allowing his men to

turn aside from fighting to plunder, that the tide of the battle had turned decisively in favour of the parliamentarians before he reappeared on the field. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice (114), the King's nephews, sons of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Princess Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, are characteristic types of the dashing, daring cavalier; with all the courage, and impatience of control, that distinguished their class: irresistible in a charge, but incapable of improving an advantage. Trained in the bloody wars of the Palatinate, they carried on hostilities, not with the fierce religious fervour of the roundhead captains, or with that sad sense of a terrible duty which weighed upon such royalists as Falkland, but with the wild license of partisans, plundering, burning, and slaughtering, more like chiefs of condottieri than like captains of a king in arms within his own dominions against a parliament resisting his authority. These princes move athwart the bloody scenes of the civil war, like bright but baleful meteors, perpetually winning unavailing advantages, but unsuccessful in every decisive encounter, and, indeed, the main cause of the loss of every action in which they held high command,—witness Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby,—by their impetuosity and incapacity to obey. To Rupert, also, was due the surrender of Bristol, in 1645, one of the last and one of the heaviest blows to the royal cause. Of all the servants of the King, these two princes most widened the breach between him and his people, by their reckless forays and harryings of the country. Reduced at last to take refuge on board the fleet, Rupert long kept up a desultory piratical warfare under the royal flag, in both hemispheres, survived the war, and saw the Restoration, dying quietly in 1684, in his 63d year, at his house in Spring Gardens, where, for the last ten years of his life, he had been busying himself with chemistry and mechanics. He invented the art of mezzotint, but did not discover the philosopher's stone, though he wasted the best part of his fortune in looking for it. Prince Maurice,—like, but less than, his brother in all things,—carrying on the same piratical warfare, went to the bottom in the West Indies; none knows precisely when, where, or how.

The Earl of Bedford (123) was the first commander of the

cavalry, for the parliament, under Essex. After a brief defection to the King in 1643, he returned to the cause of the parliament, and abided by it for the rest of his life.

Lord Brook (134) was another peer who adhered to the parliamentary cause, and was killed at the siege of Lichfield in March, 1643.

When Essex, by his slackness, and evident want of hearty zeal in the parliamentary cause, had roused the suspicions of the parliament, the Earl of Manchester (172) who, as Lord Kimbolton, had been the leader of the opposition to the King in the house of lords, and, as such, had shared the danger of the five members of the commons, was appointed serjeant-major of the associated counties in 1643, with Colonel Cromwell for his second in command. Under them the army of the commonwealth was remodelled—substantial yeomen and sober citizens being substituted gradually for “drunken tapsters and decayed serving-men,” till at length a force was created composed, as Carlyle says, “of men that had the fear of God, and gradually lost all other fear.” Manchester commanded the parliamentary army of the north, which, in 1644, fought the decisive fight of Marston Moor, where the King’s northern array, under the brave Marquis of Newcastle (121), was shattered never to unite again. Lord Fairfax, and his son, then Sir Thomas Fairfax (138), afterwards commander-in-chief for the parliament, led the Yorkshiremen in that action. The victory of the parliamentary army was due, mainly, to the rashness of Rupert, who, as usual, broke the force opposed to him, and, as usual, pursued it so far that he gave time to the enemy—thanks chiefly to Cromwell and his Ironsides—to retrieve the fortunes of the day. From that date, however, Manchester began to fall under the same suspicion of “slackness” which had led to Essex’s gradual retirement from command. Cromwell, in November, 1644, exhibited before the commons a charge against the earl “of indisposition and backwardness to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword,” which, though the earl made a sufficient answer to it for the time, was one main motive of the self-denying ordinance of 1644, by which the members of both houses declared themselves ineligible to all offices, civil and military, during the war. In pursuance of this ordinance, both Essex and Manchester

disappeared from command under the Parliament, which from this time fell into the more vigorous hands of Fairfax and Cromwell, in whose favour the self-denying ordinance was suspended. Between 1642 and 1644, the latter had been rising, step by step, in power and influence. By his admirable organisation of the Eastern Counties Association, which included Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, and afterwards Huntingdon and Lincolnshire, these parts of England were kept free from civil war. Hampden (131), fell early in the struggle, in a skirmish with Rupert, on Chalgrove field, in June, 1643. Less than three months later, the King's party had to lament the death of Falkland (173), who, in despair at the prospects of the country, rather threw away than lost his life, in the battle of Newbury. Aubrey, however, attributes his recklessness of life less to public griefs than to sorrow at the death of Mrs. Moray, a handsome lady at court, whom he loved tenderly. Among the cavalier captains of this first epoch of the war, of whom here are portraits, we may mention Sir Charles Goring (166), who, after a short period of hesitation between the cause of King and parliament in 1641—during which he alternately played traitor to both parties—redeemed his credit afterwards by strenuous service under Charles, and showed himself one of his bravest and best captains, especially in the war of the west. He ultimately escaped beheading, by the Speaker's casting vote, when Hamilton, Capel, Holland, and Owen perished on the scaffold in 1649.

The Earl of Digby (123) is another of those who, at the commencement of the struggle, sided with the parliament, but went over to the King when he found that civil war was inevitable. It was he who formed, and offered to execute, a plan for seizing the five members, when under the protection of the city; and he was, throughout the war, the most dexterous and daring of the King's political advisers, and one of the boldest of his captains. He escaped over the sea, after the battle of Worcester, and lived to see the Restoration.

The gallant Sir Jacob Astley—represented here not by his portrait only (148), but by his breast-plate, buff coat, and sword, exhibited in the collection of armour—was one of the staunchest of the King's friends. He was major-general at the battle of

Edgehill, under the gallant Lindsay, who, though he held the command, was so disgusted with the overbearing petulance of Rupert, that he declared his post only a nominal one, and carried a pike in the action at the head of his own regiment. Sir Jacob took active part in the war, till he was defeated and taken prisoner as the last distinguished royalist in arms, on the 22d of March, 1645, in the battle of Stow-on-the-Wold. The force he commanded was the last that kept the field for the King in England. As he surrendered, he said to his adversaries, "You have now done your work, and may go play—unless you will fall out among yourselves." Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart, sons of Lodowick Stuart, the first Duke of Richmond, kinsman to the King, look a gallant pair of brothers (117) on Vandyck's canvas, and fell, as loyal gentlemen were wont to fall in those days, fighting for King Charles,—Lord John at Cheriton Downs, near Winchester, in March, 1644, when Sir William Waller defeated the King's army under Lord Hopton; and Lord Bernard at Rowton Heath, in 1645. We should notice, too, among the most gallant and characteristic illustrations of this sad but stirring time, two ladies, who held, the one her husband's, the other her father's, house for the King, as stoutly as husband or father could have done. These are Jane Cavendish (150), eldest daughter of the brave Duke of Newcastle, who, as befitted the daughter of such a father, kept garrison at Welbeck, until it was taken by the parliamentary army under Manchester, in August, 1644; and Charlotte de la Tremouille, the noble Countess of Derby, and Queen of Man, whose sad and stately figure all the readers of Scott must remember in "Peveril of the Peak." While her husband (140) defended his territory of Man, she stood the siege of Fairfax, in Lathom House, for three months of hard fighting,—from February to May, 1644,—when Fairfax was fain to draw off his baffled leaguer to Bolton, leaving two thousand dead under those well-defended walls. The house was surrendered by the King in December 1645, when the heroic countess joined her good and loyal husband in his kingdom of Man. His answer to a summons to surrender the island from Cromwell, is worth quoting:—"I scorn your proffers, I disdain your favours, I abhor your treasons, and am so far from surrendering this island to your advantage,

that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages on this occasion, I will burn the papers and hang the bearers." The royal standard still waved on the battlements of Peel Castle, till, after the loyal earl's death on the scaffold at Bolton, in 1651, Major Christian basely betrayed the island to the parliament. The countess was taken and thrown into prison, where she languished till the Restoration. Charles refused to this noble woman his consent to a bill which had passed both houses for the restitution of the family estates; and then "her great heart," which had borne up against danger, treachery, a husband's loss, and the sufferings of a protracted imprisonment, "overwhelmed with grief and endless sorrow, burst in pieces." In these terms the family historian of the Stanleys describes her death at Knowsley, where the loyal services of the earl and his countess, and the base ingratitude of the King, were commemorated on a tablet, subsequently placed in the front of the house.

It would have been well could the portraits of Winchester and Worcester, the staunch defenders of Basing House and Raglan Castle, have been hung near the Stanleys. Those sieges of mansions and manor-houses, held generally for the King—of which twenty were taken by the parliamentary avenger in the summer of 1645 alone—are among the most exciting and picturesque incidents of our civil war, and gave occasion for some of the noblest among its many manifestations of loyalty, endurance, and daring.

The Earl of Northampton (146) is another cavalier general, killed at Hopton Heath.

Here, too, are not wanting some of the beauties of the graver court of Charles, and the poets and artists who celebrated or handed down their graces, or invented opportunities for the display of them. Here is Henrietta Maria herself (108), in one picture with her favourite dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, by Vandyck; again in a family group with the King and their children, by the same painter (116); and again in Lord Galway's interesting picture by Mytens, representing the King and Queen, dressed, and about to mount for a ride. This beautiful woman, there is reason to believe

was not true wife to the King, whom her counsels did much to encourage in that Jesuitical policy with his parliament, which rendered all faith in him impossible. There seems little doubt that she loved the magnificent Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who was the King's proxy at the celebration of the marriage; and that still later, when the royal fortunes had become desperate, she found consolation at Paris in the arms of Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord St. Albans, who is said to have treated her harshly and contemptuously. Madame de Bavière describes him as "keeping a good fire in his chamber, and a sumptuous table, while she had not a faggot to warm herself with." Henrietta Maria was very beautiful. Howell writes to his brother-in-law in raptures with this "most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta—for she is of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped and somewhat heavy-eyed: but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion—a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection." Even grave, sour Symonds D'Elwes, going to see her dine at Whitehall, describes her as "a most absolute, delicate lady; her face much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment amongst her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I will not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." And yet these radiant eyes could flash angry fire too. "With one frown," writes an eye-witness, "divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the room; I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl." The King had great difficulties at first with her imperious temper, and sometimes appears to have almost despaired of procuring from her the respect due from a wife to a husband. At last, when he had summarily dismissed all her huge French household, she was brought into a more manageable frame of mind,—or perhaps the quick-witted woman saw she had mistaken the road to empire over the King, and from that moment changing her tactics from those of self-

assertion to those of management, guided her weak husband at her will—to the scaffold. And yet, even after this change of tactics, she knew well when to apply the spur pretty sharply to the lagging sides of the royal intent. “Go, coward,” she is reported to have said to Charles, when he shrunk from seizing the five members, “and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again.” Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle, is the authority for the story. Henrietta Maria fled to Holland in 1642 with the crown jewels, which she employed in the purchase of arms and ammunition for the King’s service. In 1643 she landed at Burlington Bay, through imminent dangers. The house she slept in was bombarded. She had to leave it “barefoot and bareleg” and take shelter in a ditch behind the town. While here, discovering that her favourite lap-dog had been left behind, she ran back through the fire and returned in triumph with her pet. The Earl of Newcastle conveyed her to York, where, so long as she remained, her intelligence, no less than her grace and beauty, greatly helped the progress of the royal cause. She subsequently separated from the King, and fled to France, returning to England in 1660, after suffering neglect and even privation at the court of her nephew, Louis XIV. She left this country for the last time at the breaking out of the plague in 1665, and died at the castle of Colombe, near Paris, in 1669. Of her dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson, the readers of “Peveril of the Peak” need no description.

Here from Vandyck’s hand, is one of the loveliest women (164), who ever inspired poet, or turned lover’s head—Lucy Sidney—the wife of the magnificent Lord Carlisle—him of the silver horse’s shoes, mentioned in our last article but one—whom Warburton calls “the Erinnys of her time.” To youth, beauty, rank, and wit, she was determined to add political influence, and reckless how it was acquired, she was successively the mistress of Strafford,—even before her husband’s death in 1636,—and afterwards of Pym, his deadliest enemy. It was to her secret information that the five members owed their timely intelligence of the King’s intentions; and as she betrayed this, so she betrayed every secret of the mistress who loved and trusted her. Alternately the gayest beauty of the court—be-rhymed by Davenant,

Suckling, Carew, and Waller—or in Puritan hood and pinners, taking notes of a conventicle discourse by Pym's side—she is one of the most unstable figures of that eventful time, so fertile in apostasies and treasons. She just lived to see the Restoration, dying in November, 1660, at Little Cashibury House.

The wife of Lord Mandeville (169), is gayer than beseems the lady of a Puritan generalissimo. But she wears her wedding dress.

Mrs. Kirk (118), was the most faithful and the most trusted, by her master as well as her mistress, of the Queen's bedchamber women. The picture has an artistic interest. It was bought at Sir Peter Lely's sale, and those who are conversant with his colour will see how much use he made of the *feuille morte* satin dress of this picture.

The charming Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles, afterwards the ill-fated Duchess of Orleans (111), belongs to the succeeding reign.

Lady Cotterill (145), a fine head by Dobson, hangs by the side of her husband, Sir Charles, master of the ceremonies to the King, in the times that preceded the civil war, while there still were ceremonies to marshal at Whitehall—one of the most decently and nobly ordered courts in Europe while it lasted. The Countess of Oxford (142), and Lady Betty Sidney (157), are two of its not very conspicuous ornaments. More conspicuous is (147), the Duchess of Richmond, Frances Howard, who, though the fairest and proudest woman of her time, with the blood of Howards and Staffords in her veins, by some strange and unexplained chance, married as her first husband one Trannell, a London vintner's son. On his death, in 1599, after Sir John Rodney had killed himself for love of her—his farewell letter, written in his own blood, still may be read in the British Museum—she married the Earl of Hertford. Left a second time a widow, she was wooed and won by the first Duke of Richmond; wooed in disguise, however, and in all manner of romantic accompaniments. After her third husband's death she is said to have aimed at the tough old heart of James himself, but in vain. We hear of her in 1634, drooping very much, “but still keeping her state of

sermons and white staves ;” for she had private preaching in her household till Laud put it down in her third widowhood. She vowed never to sit at table with a subject, and used to seat herself in public alone, with crowds standing around, at a table spread with costly silver dishes which, if the covers had been lifted, would have been found empty !

Of the poets of the court here are Sir John Suckling (83—there is a portrait of his friend Carew, in the gallery of old masters), Waller (154), and Lovelace (146), Cowley (143), and Butler (155), the author of “*Hudibras*.” Suckling was a true court poet, and preludes in his loose, easy, flowing love verses, the more licentious strains of Rochester and Dorset ; while Carew, a gentleman of the chamber, love poet and dramatist, is the more graceful forerunner of the Sedleys and the Ethereges. Sir John Suckling’s “*Lines on a Marriage*” will live as long as English poetry, for their sweet and artless description of a rustic-English beauty. Every one knows the description of the bride’s cheek :—

“ The streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear
The side that’s next the sun.”

And that tempting picture of her mouth—

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.”

And the pretty homely comparison of the feet—

“ — That ’neath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.”

Suckling seems to have been a worthless fellow—a gambler, and card-sharper, and worse still, a coward, who, with his gay regiment, ran away from the Scots in 1639, and pocketed a beating from Sir John Digby, for maligning a lady. He was found guilty of treason, for his participation in a plot for the release of Strafford from the Tower, and died in France, whither he had made his escape, in 1641. Carew, a poet of the same light, graceful, amatory wit, did not live to see the commencement of

civil war, having died in 1639. His masque of "Cælum Britannicum" was prepared at Whitehall in February, 1639, by the King, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, Elgin, and others, when Inigo Jones contrived the scenery and machinery, and Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, composed the music. Carew's song—

"He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires,"

is still popular, and indeed the short and troubled beginning of Charles I.'s reign, has produced the best love songs in the language. Lovelace (146) was one of the most brilliant of these poetic triflers, well born, beautiful, accomplished, and brave, the perfect model of the cavalier. His sonnet to Althea from prison, beginning—

"When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,"

is a sweet, almost heroic embodiment of the cavalier's religion, which, all compact of love and loyalty, leaves a higher reverence and deeper devotion to the puritan. The last stanza—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty,"

will long be quoted by many who know nothing of the writer.

Lovelace's Lucasta—Lucy Sacheverell—will go down to posterity with Waller's Sacharissa—the fair Lady Dorothy Sidney. When Lovelace, after serving the King in both his expeditions against the Scots, left England, he raised and commanded an English regiment in the service of France. He was desperately wounded at Dunkirk, and the news of his death being generally believed, his Lucasta married on the strength of the report, and poor Lovelace returned to England to find her the wife of another. Reckless and broken-hearted, he fell into melancholy and misery, was long imprisoned, and after his release died in abject wretchedness, at the age of forty, in 1658.

Waller (154) is a political as well as a poetical personage of the period. Born in 1603, he was a member of Charles's first parliaments, and though originally a courtier, inclined from his first conspicuous appearance in public life in the parliament of 1639, to the cause of the Commons, greatly to the annoyance of the King, who had relied on his support. In the long parliament he was one of the members chosen to conduct the prosecution of the ship-money judges. But he afterwards fell away from the Parliament, as the breach between parties widened. He sent 1000 broad pieces to the King, when he set up his standard at Nottingham in 1642; and when appointed as one of the parliamentary commissioners to treat with Charles for peace, after the battle of Edgehill, he was already in heart a traitor to the Parliament. Immediately afterwards he engaged in the plot, known by his name, and, when it was discovered, basely purchased his own life by turning informer. He was expelled from the house, and, after spending the best part of his fortune in bribes, obtained a commutation of his sentence of death, to one of perpetual banishment, and a fine of ten thousand pounds. He returned to England by permission of Cromwell, in 1652, and employed on panegyrics of the Lord Protector the same pen which after the restoration was as active in fulsome adulation of Charles II. He died in 1687, after serving in the only parliament summoned by James.

Of the second epoch of the civil war, among the most conspicuous personages here is the gallant and loyal Duke of Richmond (128), who stood by his dying master on the scaffold, and was one of the scanty band that followed the body of Charles, through the falling snow, to his hurried and irreverent interment at Windsor. Here, too, is the Duke of Hamilton (129), the leader of the Presbyterian party in Scotland, who invaded England in 1648, at the head of the Scottish forces, which took up in arms against the independent party. Defeated by Cromwell in the battle of Preston, he was beheaded on the same scaffold with the brave Lord Capel and the inconstant Holland. Capel was captured by Fairfax, along with Lord Norwich (formerly Sir Charles Goring), Sir Charles Lucas (135), Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoyne, after their heroic defence of Colchester, in August, 1648. Lucas

and Lisle were shot, the officers having surrendered without conditions for their personal safety. Lord Capel and Lord Norwich were tried for high treason, and their original sentence of banishment having been reversed by the commons without the concurrence of the lords, they were again tried by a high court of justice specially erected for the purpose, after the execution of the King. Capel had escaped from the Tower before the trial, but was retaken and suffered death with Hamilton and Holland, on March the 9th, 1649. His closing hours were marked by admirable courage, unflinching loyalty, and Christian resignation. Of the many noble deaths of that terrible time, there is none nobler than Capel's. One cannot but lament that the casting vote of the Speaker, which saved Goring, was not sufficient to turn the scale for Capel, whose sentence was confirmed but by three or four voices. Had it not been for the stern determination of Ireton and Cromwell, all would probably have been spared except Hamilton, for whom, as an invader of the kingdom, there was no pardon to be expected. There can be no question that these men were all traitors against the Parliament, the only *de facto* authority in the kingdom at that time.

To this second epoch belongs the great rise of Cromwell from his post of commander of the Parliamentary cavalry under Fairfax, to the chief command in the Scotch and Irish campaigns, and, later still, to the lord-generalship of all the armies of the Parliament, and finally, to the lord protectorate of Great Britain. Of his efficient instruments—Ireton, Fleetwood, Hammond, Pride, Whalley, and the other major-generals formed under his eye—there are no portraits in our gallery. Only Blake (151), the great sea general, is here; a bluff, burly man; of such a lion-like port as we might look for in the unwearied assailant of the Dutch and Spaniards; a worthy right hand for Cromwell on the sea, where he died, worn out by scurvy, in sight of Plymouth, after his victory of Santa Cruz, in 1657. The omission of a portrait of George Monk is serious. Altogether, we could have wished that in this part of the collection had been included more portraits of the earnest and resolute men who composed the court which condemned Charles, and those who so stontly supported Cromwell in his troubled protectorate. Mr. Peter Cunningham seems to have

laid under contribution the galleries rather of royalist than of roundhead families ; at all events, the leading figures of the protectorate are altogether wanting, as well as the fifth monarchy men, Vane and his followers, Cromwell's most bitter and dangerous antagonists. Nor is there even a portrait of Milton, Latin secretary to the Parliament, who wore his eyes out in that service.

We have now exhausted our illustrations of the civil wars and the protectorate, and must pass to a very different stage,—the gay and dissolute court of the Restoration.

We have but to cross the nave of the Old Trafford Gallery, and we are in a new historical world. The period of the Protectorate, which lies between the first and second Charles, is comparatively unrepresented, as we have said, and thus there is nothing to weaken the force of the contrast between the physiognomies of the two reigns. Instead of the noble Charlotte de la Tremouille, and the heroic Jane Cavendish—women who encouraged the defenders of their castle walls against the cannon and pikes of Fairfax and Cromwell—we must be content, now, with a luxurious Louise de Querouaille (180-198), a full-blown Barbara Villiers (184-185A), or a roguish Nell Gwynne (197)—heroines of the matted gallery and the alcove, whose warfare was with nothing nobler than a rival favourite, and whose best-fought field of battle was the basset table. From the sad, sober, resolute heroes of the mighty struggle between King and commons, we must descend to the intriguers of the Cabal, the titled pensioners of the French King, the sharpers of Whitehall, the sots, bullies, and rake-hells of Covent Garden and Drury Lane—to such ignoble parodies of the statesman as Bennet (186), or Brouncker (230)—such apes of the poet as Rochester (227A)—such scholars as Busby (228A)—and such divines as Spratt (228B). If we have here but two of the five members of the Cabal, the politic and versatile Shaftesbury (229), and the plausible and pretentious Arlington (186), have we not *en revanche* personages whose influence was for that vile reign beyond the power of ministers—Jacob Hall, the rope dancer (226), the favourite of the favourite, and a whole covey of royal mistresses—Madame Carwell (180-198), and La Belle Stuart (181), in the costume of Britannia, as she may have been

attired when the King imagined that delicate compliment of taking her handsome face and figure for the representation of the national nymph, on the copper coinage of the realm—the impetuous imperious “Bab Villiers” (184, 185), better known by her first title of Lady Castlemaine than by her later addition of Duchess of Cleveland, and “pretty witty Nell” (197),—the most loveable—or, rather, likeable of that wanton troop of brazen beauties. A royal mistress in the costume of Britannia, is the aptest symbol of that reign. It typifies the life of Charles II. (182), in little. His mistress was ever to him more than his kingdom; and all he loved and cared for in the royal dignity was the means it afforded of an easier and more liberal supply of money to squander on the pimps and prostitutes by whom he loved to surround himself. He would have sold his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. He *did* sell himself to the French King, and became the hired servant of Louis XIV. to escape the annoyance of a parliament that was always making difficulties about money.

It was natural in Mr. Cunningham to represent this reign mainly by the lazy, loose-draped, luxurious beauties with whose memory its ignominious annals are most closely interwoven. Besides those we have enumerated, here are, of De Grammont’s heroines, La Belle Hamilton (216) herself—one of the most respectable of that brilliant bevy—and the Countess of Southesk (217), the Lady Carnegie of Antony Hamilton’s lively memoir. Of the former, the story is well known, that, after she had been wooed and won by the lively Philibert Chevalier De Grammont, that worthy, having received his pardon from Louis XIV. was in such a hurry to return to his beloved Versailles, that he forgot poor Elizabeth Hamilton, vows, marriage promise, and all. Luckily, the lady had brothers, who followed and overtook De Grammont, at Dover, just as he was going to embark. They entered the room where he was with stern faces, “Chevalier de Grammont,” they said, “have you forgotten nothing in London?” The witty Frenchman read British earnest in the looks, which gave point to the question. “I beg your pardon,” was his reply, “I forgot to marry your sister.” They returned together, and Elizabeth Hamilton became Madame, afterwards Countess de

Grammont. The story of Lady Carnegie, and the revenge taken by her brutal, bull-baiting, cock-fighting husband, for her infidelity to him with the Duke of York, is too foul to sully our columns. Here, too, is Anne Hyde (206), daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, whose secret marriage with the Duke of York, at Breda, so discomposed her father and so disgusted the royal family, when, in 1660, the pregnancy of the lady rendered longer concealment impossible. The Duke of Gloucester used to leave the room when she entered it, swearing "she smelt so strong of her father's green bag;" and the impetuous Queen Dowager declared "whenever that woman should be brought to Whitehall by one door, she would instantly quit it by another, and never enter it again." Anne Hyde, however, was a woman of much sounder sense, and more good qualities, than ninety-nine out of a hundred in that blackguard court. There is not an incident in all the *chronique scandaleuse* of Whitehall in which one can more completely sympathise than the duchess's triumph over Sir George Berkeley and the other libertines who had maligned her as the duke's mistress, when the duke presented her to them as his wife. To conceal their surprise and astonishment, Clarendon tells us, "they fell upon their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life." Her daughters Mary and Anne were successively queens of England. The duchess died a Roman catholic. That is a striking anecdote in Burnet, of her deathbed, when Blandford, Bishop of Rochester, entering the room suddenly, found Queen Catherine of Braganza sitting by the dying woman. "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth;' upon which she asked, 'What is truth?' and then, her agony increasing, she repeated the word, 'Truth! truth! truth!' often; and so died." She was but thirty-four when she expired, with that awful question on her lips.

No personage of that reign has so good a claim on our sympathies as poor Catherine of Braganza, who sits here (215) by the

side of La Belle Stewart, as she must often have done sorely against her will, while she lived. The letter in which Charles gives Lord Clarendon an account of the first impression she made on him is preserved in the British Museum, and is, on the whole, favourable to the Queen. But to his intimates Charles held a very different language, telling Colonel Legge, that when he first saw her, he "thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman." We may fancy the poor little shy secluded foreigner, standing timidly in the midst of those flaming favourites, surrounded by her only friends, her Portuguese women, with their olive faces, and huge fardingales, as Lord Dartford's harsh pen has described her "short and broad, of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore teeth standing out which held up her upper lip; exceedingly proud, and ill-favoured." Those nearer her person, however, give a very different account of her, both as to face and character. Her portrait here does not at all bear out Lord Dartford's repulsive word-painting. She appears in it in the Portuguese costume, which the ridicule of her husband afterwards persuaded her to change for the loose low gown, showing the bare bosom and naked arms, which did not suit her swarthy skin quite so well as it did the alabaster charms of La Belle Quercouaille, or the healthy red and white of pretty Nelly. Every manly heart must feel for this poor Queen, when she read the name of Lady Castlemaine, in the list of her ladies of the bedchamber, and indignantly drew her pen through it. But she was not to be spared even a worse insult, when, a little later, her husband—shame on him—led up the flaunting favourite to Catherine, at Hampton Court, and formally presented the acknowledged mistress, to the young, strange, unfriended wife. Catherine first grew pale; then burst into tears; then the blood gushed from her nose, and she fainted. It is sad to follow the gradual breaking down of this natural disgust, under the combined influence of the King's coldness, the open neglect of the Court, the solicitations even of Clarendon, the most respectable of the royal advisers, and—stronger than all—the recklessness of despair. We may conceive what we will of the bitter struggles that must have wrung that lonely and friendless heart, in the interval between that fainting-fit at Hampton Court and her sharing the same coach with Charles and Lady Castle-

maine. We shall not easily surpass the reality of Catherine's suffering. Almost more touching than even the thought of these sorrows, are her awkward little efforts to win some place in her husband's cold and callous heart, by acts and arts such as he loved—by dressing loosely, and low; by breaking out into rude frolics, and practical jokes and excesses, which, however they might become La Belle Jennings, or Winifred Wells, must have looked strangely out of place on the part of the grave, dark-browed, sad-eyed Portuguese. And what a past of suppressed sorrow is revealed in that reply to the Duchess of Cleveland, when, entering the Queen's closet while Her Majesty was under the hands of the hairdresser, she expressed her surprise that the Queen could sit so long. "I have had so much reason to exercise my patience, that I can bear it very well." She must have learnt to bear most indignities than can be laid on a woman. La Belle Stewart was one of her maids of honour; but the Queen never ventured into her dressing-room, it is said, without listening to hear if the King were there.

The distance that separates the England of the Protectorate from the England of the Restoration is not ill measured by the difference between the first and the second Duke of Albemarle; between George Monk, the stern, silent, thoughtful soldier, never wasting a word, or doing an act, without ulterior meaning; the sturdiest assertor of English glory on the sea; the rescuer of his country from the perils of anarchy, at the risk of his own head;—and Christopher Monk, the second and last duke, known only by his extravagance, his amours, and his love of the bottle, to which he fell a victim, for he is said to have died drunk in 1688, the year after he had realised 90,000*l.* of the 300,000*l.* fished up by Captain Phipps, from the wreck of a Spanish galleon off Hispaniola. When he died he held the governorship of Jamaica, the conquest of which was so largely due to the prestige and power which his father and Blake had given to the British navy. There must have been [in the second duke more of his mother,—the coarse, tipsy, foul-mouthed Anne Clarges, the ex-laundress and farrier's daughter,—than of his sagacious, silent father. Let us record, at this point, one anecdote of the first duke. When the plague of 1666 reached its height, and all

that could had fled from the doomed city to the pleasures of the court at Oxford, three men staid behind, visiting the pest-houses, guarding deserted property, comforting and aiding the sick. These three were George Monk, Sheldon Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Craven (125), who deserved notice in our article on the reign of Charles I. as one of the most chivalrous of cavaliers, and the devoted and noble lover of the Queen of Bohemia. Lady Ogle (212), afterwards the contracted bride of Thomas Thynne, and eventually Duchess of Somerset, deserved a place here, as the greatest heiress of her time, the heroine of a bloody romance, and the wife of Charles Seymour, the proudest member of the proudest family of the British peerage. She was heiress of Jocelyn Percy, the eleventh Earl of Northumberland, and was left a "virgin widow," in 1680, by Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, the second Duke of Newcastle (187). She was contracted by her mother to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, better known as Tom of Ten Thousand, from his great wealth, the bosom friend of Monmouth, the Issachar of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel. In consequence of the bride's extreme youth her mother interposed a year's delay between the contract and the marriage. In that interval the young bride expressed a strong distaste of the inchoate union, and this, and her wealth, encouraged Count Konigsmark, the most brilliant type of the courtly adventurer, who, for this age, replaces the knight-errant of the days of chivalry to remove Thynne, in order himself to secure the young bride and her vast possessions. He employed three foreign assassins in his service—Vratz, Boroski, and Stern—who shot Thynne in his coach in Pall Mall, near the corner where the Opera colonnade now stands, on the night of Tuesday the 12th of February, 1682. Konigsmark was tried for the murder, but acquitted. The three bravos were hung on the scene of the deed. It was the younger brother of this Konigsmark who was the lover of the ill-fated Dorothea, Princess of Zell, the wife of our first George. The younger Konigsmark was waylaid and murdered, by the Elector's orders, while on his way from an assignation in the Electress's apartments; and the guilty wife was consigned to the prison in which she spent the rest of her life. Lady Ogle afterwards married Charles Seymour, the proud

Duke of Somerset, so long chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and one of the principal agents in bringing over the Prince of Orange, after his dismissal from the post of lord of the bedchamber by James, for his refusal to assist at the public reception of the Count d'Ada, the Pope's nuncio. He told the King he could not serve him on this occasion, being assured it was contrary to law. The King asked him if he did not know he, the King, was above the law? The Duke replied that, if the King was above the law, he himself was not; and so retired from his office with all the dignity of a Somerset.

The portrait of Antony Ashley Cooper is one which, if physiognomy were a perfect science, ought to find us long employment, in deciphering the puzzling lines in which such a character should be written on the face. One of the most active and valued members of parliament under the Protectorate—he was the centre figure in Oliver's great council; the principal agent in upsetting Richard Cromwell, and bringing back Charles II.; the soul of the Cabal, and the most unscrupulous of the court party, as he was afterwards the most daring and determined leader of the opposition. No hand less masterly than Dryden's should be called in to unravel the twisted threads of one of the most checkered webs of character ever woven in a human soul:

“ For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place.
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace.
 A fiery soul, which worketh out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest,—
 Punish a body which he could not please,—
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what he with toil had won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

* * * * *

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state;
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.

* * * * *

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws."

The cool unprincipled nature of the man is well illustrated by his reply to Charles, who said to him one day, "Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." "For a subject, sirc," replied the earl, "I believe I am." The one bright point in his career is his having been the main instrument in passing the Habeas Corpus Act, in 1679, at the height of the dangerous days of Popish, Meal-tub, and Rye House plots.

Here, too,—by the ignominious figures of Arlington (238), Brouncker (230), and Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (227A), appropriately painted as crowning his monkey with a laurel crown, in scorn of poetry,—hangs one of the two noblest examples, which even that reign affords, of patriotism and public virtue,—William Lord Russell (227), who, with Algernon Sidney, expiated on the scaffold the crime of loving liberty in slavish times. For the sake of the protest involved in such lives and deaths, against the baseness of their contemporaries, Sidney should have been here, and Russell's noble wife, to remind us that all the statesmen of the Restoration were not Shaftesburys and Lauderdale's, and all its women not Castlemaines and Querouailles.

The short and troubled three years of the reign of James II. are scarcely illustrated here, save by portraits of James and his ill-fated Queen, Mary of Modena, and the brilliant, shallow Monmouth—who is represented in the Clarendon picture (174) listening to the pernicious counsels of the arch-plotter Ferguson. Nor is the reign of William much more fully illustrated by the full-lengths of that king and his wife (195 and 196)—the very portraits given by the monarch to his favourite Bentinck, who is himself represented in a bad picture of Kneller's (231E), of which nothing but the authenticity can excuse its stiffness and lack of vitality.

In common with the literature of Charles II., our quaint old friend, Pepys (224), will be welcome to all. Here he is in the original picture, by Hales, who,—after painting Mrs. Pepys, “poor wretch,” to Samuel’s satisfaction, “a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife,” his price being first duly ascertained by the cautious clerk of the Acts,—had the honour of painting Samuel himself. “To Hales’s”—writes Pepys, in that most inimitable of all diaries of his, under the date of March 17, 1666—“and paid him 14*l.* for the picture, and 1*l.* 5*s.* for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife’s, and I to sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck, looking over my shoulder, to make the picture for him to work by. Home, having a great cold; so to bed, drinking butter-ale.” Here is the very Indian gown which he hired to be drawn in, and in which he had many a pleasant half hour at the painter’s, with Mrs. Pierce—the sly old rogue—and the “musique,” Samuel’s own song, “Beauty retire,” in the hand, “painted true,” as the diary duly records. By the side of Pepys hangs his correspondent and brother diarist, the amiable, pedantic Evelyn (225). Here, too, are Newton (222-240), and Locke (223), and Wren (229E); and, further off, among the kit-cat portraits, Dryden (265), Vanbrugh (266), and Congreve (267)—all names too great in their respective walks of philosophy, art, didactic poetry, and wit, to be profaned by comment of ours.

The reign of Anne is like one of those meetings of tidal waters where the voyager is tossed in the hurly-burly of the opposing forces till he is sickened and confused, and only discovers the overmastering strength of the dominant current when it has borne him out of the broken water of the tide-way. In this reign struggled for the last time, as equal antagonists, the claims of prerogative and the powers of constitutionalism. It is an inter-regnum between the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts and the law-limited government of the house of Hanover. It is true that the former was put down by the revolution of 1688, but William’s whole reign was a struggle at once with those who repented of the share they had taken in the convention, with the non-jurors and Jacobites who regarded all the convention had done as deadly

sin, and with the rival ambitions which the Revolution had let loose. The strong will and iron self-control of the Dutch prince kept these enemies down, but during the reign of this weak woman who succeeded him the monarch disappears from the scene as a farce, and holds a place only as a puppet, the mastery of whose strings is the object of contention between the leaders of rival parties. Anne's reign was the hey-day of bed-chamber women and back-stairs influence. If under Charles II. and James II. we see a race of statesmen corrupted by the demoralising influences of a revolutionary time, we find under Anne a set of politicians whose baseness was engendered by the temptations and opportunities which a disputed right to the throne opened to men in office, and for which the peculiar weaknesses of a woman left a field open which, under the stern hand of William, had been closely barred from access. Here is Anne herself (230*b*)—fat, placid, irresolute—alternately the slave of the imperious Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, or of the more insinuating Mrs. Masham (why are neither of them here?)—the puppet at one time worked by the whig hands of Somers (263) and Godolphin; at another by the tory fingers of Harley (260), St. John, and Harcourt (246). In spite of the absence from the gallery of those central figures of the time, the two favourites, fierce Duchess Sarah and supple Mrs. Abigail—of such prominent politicians as Godolphin, Nottingham and Bolingbroke,—of such partisans as Sacheverell,—of such generals as Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough,—the reign of Anne may be said to be well illustrated here, in comparison at least with that of William which precedes, and that of the first George which follows it.

Kneller's half-length of the great Duke of Marlborough (242) gives but a faint image of that model of manly beauty. Yet, even on this canvas, we may trace something of that serene and sweet expression, which it is so difficult to reconcile with the current theory of Marlborough's character for baseness, sordid love of money, and utter lack of truth and honour. There is no historical hero about whom we find it so impossible to satisfy ourselves as Marlborough. That he was one of the greatest generals and most profound masters of statecraft England has ever had, is universally admitted. But every other conclusion on the subject of him

is not only open to, but invites, dispute. We know of no romance equal to the facts of his life. His career as court page, his intrigues with the Duchess of Cleveland, his hair-breadth 'scapes from his royal rival; his dexterous use of his sister Arabella's influence over her lover the Duke of York, by which he obtained his pair of colours in the Guards; his nice playing for a lead in the Revolution, when he held the issue of the conflict in his own hand; his disgrace under William; his restoration to favour; his magnificent series of victories in the war of the Succession—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; his downfall before the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht; his complete triumph in less than three years after,—all combine to make up a picture unequalled for brilliance of colour, complexity of action, sharpness of contrast, variety and magnificence of incident. The court, the council-room, and the camp lend to it all they have of the brightest, subtlest, and most stirring. The life of Marlborough still remains to be written. We wish a biographer no better subject.

By Marlborough's side hangs the Duchess of Buckingham (243), daughter of James by Catherine Sedley, the one of his mistresses who said pleasantly of her royal lover, "I wonder why he chooses us. We are none of us beautiful: and if we have wit he is too dull to find it out." The Duchess of Buckingham affected royal state, and "never ceased," says Walpole, "labouring to restore the House of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it." She was, in fact, the very centre of the Jacobite intrigues all her life long. Through her, the Pretender transmitted letters, even to Sir Robert Walpole himself. He always carried them to the King, who used coolly to read, endorse, and return them. The Duchess of Buckingham hated Sarah Duchess of Marlborough with a perfect hatred; Sarah, we can well believe, returned the feeling. When the former, about to bury her son, wrote to Sarah for the loan of the funeral car, which had carried the great duke to the grave, "It carried my Lord of Marlborough," replied the Marlborough, "and shall never be used for anybody else." I have consulted the undertaker," was the Buckingham's rejoinder, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds." It is said that Pope, after writing his celebrated character of Atossa, communicated it

to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. "The Buckingham believed him," says Walpole; "the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it; and yet he left the copy behind him." Our readers should turn to the passage in the second epistle of the *Moral Essays*. The lines deserve to be remembered:—

"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

* * * *

Strange! by the means defeated of her ends,
By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers—without one distress,
Sick of herself through very selfishness—
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless, with all her children, wants an heir,
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven directed, to the poor."

The absence of a portrait of the fiery Duchess of Marlborough is, as we have said, a serious deficiency in the illustrations of the reign of Anne.

Here, however, is one of the allies of the Marlboroughs, during the most eventful part of the great duke's career,—Somers (263), as venerable a figure among the whig heroes of the robe as Lord William Russell is among whig parliamentary worthies—one of the counsel for the seven bishops, the foremost of the framers of the declaration of rights, the most stainless of all the members of the convention, impeached for his share in the partition treaties in 1701, and owing his escape less to the groundlessness of the charges against him than to the quarrels of the lords and commons. Here is another of the whig "glories of the gown," Cowper (234), twice chancellor. He presided as lord steward at the trial of the rebel lords in 1715, and stands only second to Lord Somers among the judicial notables of his party.

We may as well complete our leash of lord chancellors by Harecourt (246), as determined an assertor of divine right as Somers and Cowper were of *Magna Charta*; the opposer of the attainder of Sir John Fenwick for his share in the assassination plot, when Cowper was the foremost advocate for attainder; the attorney-general who conducted the prosecution before the jury

which sentenced Defoe to the pillory; the counsel of Dr. Sacheverell; the lord keeper on the return of the tories to power in 1711, and chancellor in 1713. Hewas a stately but amiable man, and a lover of letters. His face bespeaks refinement and high breeding.

Robert Harley (260) is more agreeably remembered as the friend of Swift and Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot—as the minister who could slip away from the cares and quarrels of the council board, to make a merry fifth in the concoction of a chapter of “*Martinus Scriblerus*,”—than as the fellow-plotter for power with the brilliant but unprincipled St. John, the head of the tory administration of 1710, and afterwards the Jacobite intriguer at the bedside of the dying Queen. There is no doubt that the party of which Harley was the head really contemplated the proclamation of the Pretender, as soon as the Queen’s breath was out of her body. But they knew they risked their heads in the game, and they cared more for their heads than for the rights of the house of Stuart. Atterbury (262), bishop of Rochester, the would-be LAUD of the expected grandson of Charles I. was for proclaiming James Edward at Charing Cross; and said, bitterly, when he found his bold counsel unseconded, “There is the best cause in England lost by want of spirit.” Atterbury died in that exile from which the mistaken and ill-rewarded leniency of Walpole allowed St. John to return.

And here are some of that bright cluster of wits, which shone around Harley and St. John, with a lustre which has invested that turbulent, intriguing, ignoble age of Anne with a certain Augustan air. We may not be disposed to go the length of our grandfathers in our estimate of the men who ate Kit Cat’s mutton pies in Shire Lane, or of their rivals round the more aristocratic board of “The Brothers” at the Thatched House. But still Addison (269), Pope (271, 273), Swift (272), Prior (270, 279), Gay, Arbuthnot, and Steele (268), among didactic poets and essayists; Vanbrugh (266), Congreve (267), and Wycherley, among comic wits, are names not likely soon to be ousted from the front rank of their respective divisions in English literature. These six portraits (263-269) are interesting memorials of that gay and witty whig society which met at Kit Cat’s, the mutton pie-man, in the unsavoury region of Shire Lane, while the high-flying

tories were drinking "The King over the water" at the October Club, in King Street, Westminster. We owe the Kit Cats two things—the use of the word "toast," as applied to a reigning beauty, and the name of a canvas of the particular dimensions used for these portraits. Kneller, as one of his last public works, painted forty of this club in this uniform size, for worthy old Jacob Tonson, Pope's first publisher, whom we see here (264), in his character of secretary of the club—looking very pompous and patronising, with "Paradise Lost" in his hand, in everlasting memory, perhaps, of the ten pounds, which is all, as far as we know by certain evidence, that the poem brought in to its author from the booksellers. The kit-cat club was at once convivial, literary, and political. Its glasses were inscribed with the names of celebrated beauties, and verses in their honour. In a room in that blind alley—"now tenanted by abandoned women, or devoted to the sale of greengroceries—Halifax has conversed, and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed."* The leaders of the whig party, as well as its wits and poets, were members of the Kitcat Club.

Swift (272) had forsaken the whigs in disgust, when the ministerial revolution of 1710 brought Harley and the tories to the top of the wheel. The portrait of the Dean of St. Patrick's here exhibited represents him, not in one of those frequent savage fits of his—when his dark blue eye, "rolling resentment," had something terrific in its intense fierceness and scorn—but in one of those milder moods, in which he exercised such fatal empire over the hearts of his poor victims, Stella and Vanessa. Thackeray, in his "Lectures on the Humourists," has painted Swift powerfully, but with a pencil dipped in unmixed gall and lamp-black. Swift's was a much more chequered character than Thackeray makes out. Much as he loved a lord, there was one thing Swift loved better, and that was power. For power, or in the exercise of power, he would snub and bully any lord that ever wore a ribbon. That he was foul and fierce in his invectives must be laid to the coarseness of the time rather than of the man. But he was firm in his private friendships, unselfish, and fond of doing kind acts, of which

* "National Review," No. VIII. April, 1857, "The Clubs of London."

many are recorded, with more self-contempt than self-praise, in his journal to Stella. As for his relations with the other sex they involve a mystery, under which two passionate hearts broke. But who shall say that Swift was not all his life conscious of the dark malady that "crept like darkness through his blood." He certainly anticipated madness long before it came, in his sad prophecy, "I shall die like a tree—at the top first." He may well have shrunk from involving a loving woman in the shadow of that black cloud. This has always appeared to us the kindest interpretation of his aversion from marriage, and at least as probable an explanation of his peculiar relation to Stella as any that has yet been offered.

Of the figures around which the statesmen and wits of the first half of the 18th century intrigued and plotted, squibbed and lampooned—the son and grandson of James II.—the first is wanting here. Of the second, and his morganatic wife, the Countess of Albany, here are the portraits from Gopsal, the home of that sturdy old Jacobite, Charles Jennens, Esq., who kept a bedroom always fitted up for the true heir to the throne, and who was known besides by his friendship for Handel. The Messiah was composed in three weeks, at Gopsal, in a room for which Hudson painted the portrait of the mighty composer (238), exhibited here.

But the young Pretender belongs to the date of the second George. Of the first King of the House of Hanover, there is no portrait here, except a picture of him in infancy, as a Cupid, bow in hand (244), by his clever mother, Sophia, electress of Hanover, youngest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, and a pupil of Honthorst's. Though a Jacobite in early life, Sophia became a staunch whig, when the crown was, by the act of settlement secured to her descendants, failing issue of Queen Anne. The picture is bad enough for a royal amateur. Of the celebrities of this reign here is Earl Stanhope (245), who succeeded the meteoric Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, as general of the English army in Spain, in the war of the succession, and was subsequently the most influential minister of George I. We should have wished for a portrait of that strange compound of craziness and genius, Mordaunt—the friend of Swift and Pope, the stormer of Barce-

lona, the general who, at the head of 1,200 men, drove the armies of France and Spain before him from Barcelona to Madrid, and who, had he not been thwarted by his impracticable allies, would have seated Charles on the throne of Spain, in the teeth of odds which it seemed past human skill and courage to struggle against. Nor is there here a portrait of Sunderland, Stanhope's rival for power under the first George—nor of Craggs—nor of any other of the politicians and projectors, who were implicated in the South Sea scheme, which exploded in this reign—nor, a more serious omission still, of Walpole, that most English of all ministers, who, in spite of the taint which participation in the work of parliamentary corruption has left upon his name, may safely be pronounced by far the most patriotic and clear-sighted statesman between Cromwell and the great Lord Chatham. The absence of his portrait is ill supplied by the presence of that of his first wife, Catherine Shorter (287), the sensible and amiable mother of Horace Walpole.

Under this reign, too, we may place Lady Mary Wortley Montague, here represented (274) by the Chevalier Rusca as the beauty who laughed Pope's love proposals to scorn, and not as the slatternly blue-stocking of her later years; though the date of the portrait, 1739, shows that the painter must have been representing rather what Lady Mary was twenty years before, than what she was when she sat to him. It was between 1718 and 1720 that her intimacy with Pope began and ended. The principal beauty of this face is in the bright black eyes—so celebrated in their time by Pope, and Prior, and Gay:—

“What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
 Who knows not her? Ah—those are Wortley's eyes:
 How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,
 For she distinguishes the good and wise.”

Of all Lady Mary's titles to be remembered, one at least deserves still to be borne in mind,—the introduction by her from Turkey of the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, which, though now displaced by the greater discovery of Jenner, was not the less in its time a mighty blessing to Europe. At some distance from Lady Mary hangs the portrait of her luckless, dare-devil, spendthrift son (254) in a Turkish dress, by Romney. His adventures

make one of the richest romances of rascality—something between Ferdinand Count Fathom, Cassandra, and Barry Lyndon. The portraits of Pope (171-273), which hang near that of Lady Mary, are by Richardson and Kneller. Pope's friend and master in art, the painter Gervas, is here represented by his portrait of the pleasant and amiable Duchess of Queensberry, the sweet Kitty of Prior, and the true friend and guardian angel of jolly, good-humoured, devil-may-care Gay. Of honest Mat. Prior here are two portraits—one by Rigaud, of interest for its date (1699), painted in Paris when Mat. was diplomatically busy in arranging the partition treaty. They made diplomatists of poets in those days; Gay was secretary of embassy in Hanover, Prior filled the same office at the Hague, and afterwards rose to be ambassador at Paris, till Queen Anne's death unseated his friends in the ministry, and lost him his post. Of all the stars of that literary Pleiad, Prior and Gay are perhaps the pleasantest. Wit, good-fellowship, and easy temper in them were not dashed by coldness as in Addison, nor by fierceness as in Swift. Prior's own character of himself well sums up the man:—

“ Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employment industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he !

“ Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither could trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.”

The reign of George II. is represented by his own portrait, and that of his shrewd and excellent Queen Caroline, whose rare qualities we of this generation have learnt to appreciate from the *Memoirs of Lord Hervey*, recently published. Backstairs influence was still potent in this reign. Sir Robert Walpole was not too proud to profit by it. He owed his power quite as much to the wise favour of the Queen, as to any appreciation of his patriotism and good sense of which the King was capable. The second Lord Harley (249), to whom we owe the Harleian library and collections, may stand as an illustration of the *Mecænas*-ship of this period of titled patronage; but Lady Sundon (275), better

known as Mrs. Clayton, the all-powerful bed-chamber woman of the Queen, is a more characteristic type of the time. This woman owed her influence not to the weakness of her royal mistress's will—like Sarah Jennings or Abigail Hill—but to her possession of the secret of a bodily infirmity which Queen Caroline was so anxious to conceal, that she dared refuse nothing to the person who might have revealed it. Poor Caroline bore her tortures like a Spartan, and the secret till her death was confined to the King, Lady Sundon, the Queen's German nurse, and Sir Robert Walpole, who found it out by the Queen's questioning him so closely on the death of his first wife about rupture, which he thus discovered to be the Queen's mysterious malady. Among the literary celebrities of this time here represented, we may distinguish Thomson, the author of "The Seasons" (278)—just the fat sensual face we might expect in that lazy poet, who loved a soft bed and good table better than aught in the world besides—and Young, the pompous mitre-hunting author of the "Night Thoughts" (277). The military glories of the reign find their fit representative in William, Duke of Cumberland (252),—whose genuine good qualities are somewhat obscured to us by the recollections of his stern persecution of the adherents of the Pretender, and in his aide-de-camp, Earl Stair (253) of the family so painfully connected at an earlier date with the bloody massacre of Glencoe.

And now we reach the long and eventful reign of George III. To do more here than to note, in the briefest catalogue fashion, the many illustrations of that reign here presented, is out of the question. Besides the King and Queen (288-289), full-lengths from the hand of Reynolds, here are the King's early favourite and most unpopular minister Lord Bute (290); his more glorious servant, Lord Chatham (281); the good Lord Lyttleton (282); and his unworthy successor (239), whose memory is embalmed for futurity by his addition "the bad," and by the ghost story connected with his death; Lord Chancellor Camden (314); Warren Hastings (291); and Chatham's greater son, William Pitt (319). Of the captains of that age, on land and sea, here are Wolfe (315); the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill (292, 293); St. Vincent and Howe (298, 299). The art of the reign is represented by Reynolds's own portrait by himself (307); by Gains-

borough's, also from his own hand (310); by those of West and Lawrence (301, 302); Raeburn, Wilson, and Hoppner (303, 311, 312); by Garrick and his wife (284, 285); charming heads, by Gainsborough; and by Mrs. Siddons at 29, and John Kemble (308, 309), less satisfactory examples of Lawrence. Its men of letters may fittingly be ranked under the noble presidency of Samuel Johnson (304), who hangs by the side of his faithful Boswell (305), in the not very congenial neighbourhood of Gibbon (306); Hume (313) is not far off his brother sceptic. Gilbert West (295), and Mason (276), ought to have had the company of their friend and Magnus Apollo, Gray, of whom here is no portrait. Coming nearer to our own times, we may salute such familiar great ones as Burns (317), Scott (329), Byron (339), Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge, and Keats (331, 332, 333, and 337). Only Wordsworth and Campbell are wanting to the glorious group; Rogers (336) links these poets to the social life of yesterday. Gifford and Lockhart, successive editors of the "Quarterly," hang side by side (334, 335), their quarrels ended, their warfare done, their critic pens blunted, and the gall in their ink stinging no longer: while the science of the last half century is nobly recorded in Smeaton (296) and Stephenson (294), in Priestley (321) and Dalton (323), Davy (324), and Wollaston (325), and Banks (322). Linger on these last links of the glorious past, of which we are the inheritors, we feel proud to think that there were giants in our fathers' time also; and that whether we test their generation in arts or arms, in science or in letters, it can boast as great a treasure of memorable names as any period that has gone before.

Let us turn from the historical gallery of Old Trafford with the thought of the American poet:—

"Forms of great men, all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time."